The Centre Reporter.

VOL. { OLD SERIES, XL. / NEW SERIES, XVII. CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1884. NO. 46.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

Let Roscoe Conkling be elected to the U. S. Senate, from New York, if it can be done with the help of Democratic votes.

If it is possible to elect an honest and incorruptible stalwart in this state with similar aid, let it be done, in recognition of the services of the Independent Republicans in the election of Cleveland.

In neither of these two great states is it possible to elect a Democrat, hence men like Conkling are to be preferred when their election can be secured by a combination with the Independents.

Blaine's speech abusive of the south, delivered at Agusta, the other day, is no credit to the plumed knight, and had it been uttered before the election would have lost him as many votes as parson Burchard's "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" gush at the Belschazzar dinner. Blaine feels bad, no doubt, over his defeat, but who cares? Let him rave, the south can stand it he can.

Blaine in a speech, the other day, gives it up at last, and he went for the south in the most bittter denunciation. We think the great defeated need not "go for the south," for surely the south did not go for him—it let him entirely alone and went for Cleveland, which showed great good sense.

The *World*: Cyrus Field, who helped to kill off Blaine with his Belshazzar feast, is trying to unload on poor old Burchard. He asserts in his organ that Blaine understood the old gentleman to say "Rum, Mormonism and Rebellion." This, of course, is a falsehood, but if Bucrhard had said this his remark would have been equally untruthful, impertinent, bigoted and ill-timed. Perhaps Blaine understood Burchard to say that the Democratic party was the party of "Rum, Rheumatism and Religion." Let us have a first-class lie in behalf of Brother Blaine.

The *Times* says some of the disappointed Blaine organs are consoling themselves with the thought that New York, which gave Mr. Cleveland 192,824 majority for Governor, has given him only 1,140 for President. This falling off would be significant if Cleveland had received fewer votes for President than he received for Governor; but such is not the case. His total vote in 1882 was 535,347; the vote for the Democratic electors in New York is 563,073, Democratic gain of nearly 28,000. The reason he received such a huge majority for Governor was simply that some 200,000 Republicans who had voted for Garfield refused to vote for Folger. These were mainly Blaine men, who turned in earnestly to support their candidate for President. But with all their effort they could only give Blaine about six thousand votes more than Garfield had four years ago. The Prohibition vote is almost the same as in 1882. It may have been at that time anti-Stalwart, but this time it was distinctly anti-Blaine, and it is half again as numerous as the Butler vote, which may be counted anti-Cleveland. The whole scattering vote this year is 30,000 greater than in 1880, and if we add this with the net Democratic gain of 22,000 over the last Presidential vote we find that Blaine was more than 50,000 behind Garfield. That shows what a magnetic candidate can do.

It looks as tho' Conkling might be elected senator in New York. The Democrats are nearly all for him and with 14 Republican members to join them if it can be done. Let it be done, and let a similar thing be done in Pennsylvania, elect an able but upright Republican in preference to a boss, as no Democrat will stand a chance.

Nine furnaces in the Valley mill at Sharon were put in operation on 17th. These works have been idle for a year or more. Boyce, Rawle & Co's furnaces resumed work after being out of blast for several months and now employ 100 men.

Northumberland, Union, Snyder and Montour counties have been visited recently by an epidemic among hogs. It manifests itself in the form of a stupor, accompanied by a discharge from the nostrils. Several thousand hogs are said to have died from the disease.

The Democracy is not going to injure the workingmen. The vast majority of its own people are workingmen. It is not going to hurt business. The business men supported us loyally in the recent contest. Its intentions are strictly patriotic and honorable, as time will show. —Utica *Observer*.

——Lewins & Co. have established a branch clothing house up Salt river, because they are the only ones who sell suits cheap. The country wont go to Styx so long as ready made clothing can be had for almost nothing, and that's the way the Philad. Branch offers it. You save money in anything bought there.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE DEMOCRATIC.

The Cook county canvassing board discovered that the figures for the state senator in the second precinct of the Eighth ward had been reversed, those belonging to Brand, democrat, having been credited to Leman, republican, and vice versa. This elects Brand by ten majority and gives the democrats the legislature on a joint ballot, the legislature to choose a United States senator to succeed General John A. Logan.

It is shocking—since the election is over the *Watchman* has commenced to fight agin Bibles.

We expect Pennsylvania to go Democratic next time. The fellows who thought the old Keystone was going to come to her senses this fall were only a little mistaken. The Republican thermometer ran up to 80, and there could not be a big tumble without that.

Another liquor law has been declared unconstitutional. This time it is in Iowa. Judge Utt, of the Circuit Court, rendered a decision, on 20, under the new prohibition law in favor of liquor men. Nineteen saloon keepers were sued by the Citizens' League which asked the court for an injunction to close their saloons as criminal nuisances under the new law. Judge Utt sustains the demurrer of the defendants on the grounds of his court being one of equity had no jurisdiction over a criminal case, and on the general ground it is unconstitutional to deprive a man of his property. An appeal will be made.

Hon. S. T. Shugert has retired from the *Centre Democrat*, as we see by the last issue of that paper. Mr. Shugert was a veteran in the "art preservative," and connected with the earliest newspaper enterprise of this county. He is an able and forcible writer, and one who can give valuable counsel in political affairs, and his cool head and clear insight will be missed in the corps editorial. He is a staunch Democrat, was never given to the ways of the wire-worker and trader in politics—he is one of the men who believes that honesty in politics is as much needed as in any other calling or profession. We hope Mr. Shugert will enjoy a pleasant retirement and that he may live long enough to see a half dozen Democratic presidents elected.

Blaine has belittled himself in his recent venomous serenade speech at Augusta, abusing the south. The fellow is mad over his deserved defeat. He said: "The colored population, almost to a man, desire to support the Republican party, but by a system of cruel intimidation and by violence and murder, whenever violence and murder are thought necessary, they are absolutely deprived of all political power."

Several prominent Republican negroes of the South, among them ex-senator Bruce, have pronounced Blaine's charges false. As a further offset to his abuse the business men of Montgomery, Alabama, met and passed resolutions protesting against the "unfair, untruthful and partisan" statements printed North in reference to the Southern people. The resolutions are conservative, moderate and dignified in tone. This is the time, they say, for peace and better love for the Union, and not for hate and sectionalism. The Southern white people propose to protect the negro in all his rights. The resolutions say: "We look not back to Appomattox, but forward to the great future that awaits our coming Union."

Blaine wrote to dear Fisher, "Burn this letter." The Republican National Committee should at once send a committee to Blaine and ask him to shut his mouth and quit writing letters.

When the thanksgiving proclamation was issued by Arthur it was not known that the Illinois legislature was anti-Republican and that Logan wouldn't get back to the senate in consequence. But as the date fixed for thanks is not yet passed, these facts can appropriately be remembered on Thursday while carving turkey.

H. J. McAteer, Democratic candidate for state senator in the Huntingdon-Franklin district, found it comparatively easy to beat his two Republican opponents. He had 3,670 more votes than McGowan, 4,419 more than Crum.

LIQUOR DEALERS FINED $200.

St. Joseph, Mo., Nov. 18.—The court yesterday fined 60 liquor dealers $200 each and denied them a license for two years for refusing taking out a lincense under the Downing law. Thirty additional cases are pending.

All the departments of the Cleveland, Ohio, Rolling Mill, except the soft steel and brick rod mills, have started up. Work is thus furnished 3,500 men.

—Punxsutawney is now lighted by natural gas from the Snyder well in Indiana county.

——In order to sell off their stock of clothing Wolfs are offering it very cheap. Those who come early get the best bargains.

PENN'A'S OFFICIAL VOTE.

The official vote of every county in Pennsylvania has been received at the state department and placed on file. The following table showes the vote of each candidate for each county:

COUNTIES.	James G. Blaine, Rep.	Grover Cleveland, Dem.	John P. St. John, Temp'ce	Benjamin F. Butler, G. L.
Adams	3080	3550	32	82
Allegheny	37865	19469	2587	1087
Armstrong	4685	3591	156	275
Beaver	5075	3556	222	138
Bedford	3985	3815	42	31
Berks	9587	16484	97	129
Blair	6396	4649	133	252
Bradford	8405	4216	304	521
Bucks	8191	8604	19	84
Butler	5217	4236	110	387
Cambria	4253	4816	321	177
Cameron	757	590	3	4
Carbon	3250	3392	76	97
Centre	4057	4496	45	98
Chester	10885	7102	85	507
Clarion	2679	3822	394	130
Clearfield	4271	5169	201	122
Clinton	2625	3625	34	69
Columbia	2443	4338	145	130
Crawford	7233	5633	1199	644
Cumberland	4659	5375	46	106
Dauphin	9374	6378	170	128
Delaware	7512	4538	49	171
Elk	1082	1447	127	31
Erie	9230	6725	265	631
Fayette	595	6784	217	215
Forest	705	437	278	27
Franklin	5570	5261	13	117
Fulton	928	1256	.....	13
Greene	2260	4246	2	142
Huntingdon	3913	2908	208	165
Indiana	4607	1979	1186	585
Jefferson	3418	2978	131	112
Juniata	1711	1900	41	19
Lackawana	9665	6171	146	541
Lancaster	19848	9953	43	297
Lawrence	4322	2148	176	270
Lebanon	5207	2977	14	8
Lehigh	6857	8095	6	82
Luzerne	12854	13806	55	537
Lycoming	5855	5800	366	214
McKean	3820	2980	501	346
Mercer	6357	4861	518	554
Mifflin	2082	2085	2	64
Monroe	1009	3242	3	24
Montgomery	11617	11088	66	215
Montour	1165	1755	79	46
Northampton	6327	9491	84	149
Northumberland	5718	5870	279	103
Perry	3106	2883	2	60
Philadelphia	101268	71288	778	1279
Pike	512	1141	10	10
Potter	1990	1363	182	102
Schuylkill	11272	11200	1426	149
Snyder	2186	1460	1	29
Somerset	4792	2449	24	126
Sullivan	679	1062	136	44
Susquehanna	4717	3394	221	472
Tioga	6914	2681	680	235
Union	2209	1295	6	60
Venango	3961	3432	687	428
Warren	3948	2691	467	422
Washington	6699	5849	410	393
Wayne	2829	2894	11	308
Westmoreland	8339	8346	857	307
Wyoming	1960	2027	23	109
York	8014	11582	4	128
Total	473804	392785	17902	15737
	392785			
Blaine's majority	81019			

FOR SOLID PROSPERITY.

Policy of the Coming National Administration on Business Interests.

Boston, Nov. 23.—In the course of an interview with a representative of the Boston *Globe* yesterday President Cleveland, in speaking of business and manufacturing interests of the country and the effect of a change in the administration on those interests, said: "It goes without saying that the democratic party is made up of merchants, business and workingmen, and everybody in it certainly desires good times and realizes that all the people must be prosperous to insure that result. We have 55,000,000 of people, almost boundless resources, hundreds of the strongest financial institutions in the world, thousands of enterprising merchants, the most skilful manufacturers and the most intelligent farmers and workingmen on the face of the earth. Now, surely a country with those characteristics has every qualification for a solid, permanent prosperity. It will be my aim, and the aim of all associated with me in the conduct of affairs at Washington, to give the people of the United States a safe, economical and conservative government. The fact that so many business men and manufacturers and workingmen voted with the democratic party in this election shows that they were not afraid of a change in the administration. The democratic party in its Chicago platform meant what it said and said what it meant, and will carry the provisions of that platform which relate to the business interests of the country into effect. The most important thing is the restoration of confidence and the determination to forget partisan heat and excitement and to devote our lives to the things which tend to the substantial welfare of the country and all of its people. In this work every man should feel that he has a part to perform."

MAKE $20 FOR CHRISTMAS.

The publishers of "Rutlege's Monthly" offer 12 valuable rewards in their Monthly for December, among which is the following:

We will give $20 to the person telling us which is the middle verse of the New Testament Scriptures (not the Revised Edition) by Dec. 10th, '84. Should two or more correct answers be received, the Reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner December 15, '84. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the January Monthly, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address, RUTLEDGE PUB. Co., Easton, Pa.

THE WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL AND COTTON CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

The World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition will open December 16 and continue open until May 31, '85. The address of the Commissioner for this state is R. H. Thomas, Mechanicsburg, Cumberland county, Pa.

Commissioner Thomas is laboring with the great railroad lines of the country for the purpose of securing low rates of fare from all principal railroad centres in the State to New Orleans and return during the continuance of the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition in that city, and he has submitted to the railroad officials the following schedules of fares: Round trip tickets good for 20 days, $30; round trip tickets good for 60 days, $35; round trip tickets good for the duration of the Exposition, $40. If the press of Pennsylvania will unite in demanding this schedule of rates the railroad companies will be compelled to acquiesce, and the result will be that thousands of our citizens will avail themselves of these reasonable charges and visit the Exposition during the coming winter.

Commissioner Thomas will keep the people of the State fully informed in regard to all matters pertaining to this great Exposition, and will put forth his utmost efforts to procure the lowest rates of fare for traveling and hotel accommodations at New Orleans.

He will have a small, but comfortably furnished, office in connection with the State exhibit in the State's building, where Pennsylvanians will at all times be welcomed, and where the Commissioner, or an assistant, will be pleased to see them and impart such information as they may desire to obtain.

The *Daily Telegraph*, of Harrisburg, says:

"There is no longer any doubt that Pennsylvania will be well and creditably represented at the World's Industrial Exposition, at New Orleans. Commissioner Thomas has taken hold of the work with a vim that knows no let up until it is satisfactorily accomplished. Nearly all the principal cities and towns in the state will contribute fine collections to the state exhibit. All our important railroads have entered upon the enterprise with an energy and activity that leaves no doubt of ultimate success. Prominent manufacturers are contributing to the state exhibit, and our mines and rich mineral deposits of every kind will be favorably represented. General Cameron, Col. Young and other leading agriculturists will also furnish valuable acquisitions to the State collection. There still exists an unaccountable apathy in some localities. This, no doubt, a personal visit from the Commissioner would obviate, but his time is too brief and his labors too arduous to permit him to personally see everybody or visit every locality. It is hoped that state pride will induce all our citizens to contribute in some way so that the old Keystone may not be called upon to occupy a second position among the great sisterhood of states. The excitement incident to a great political campaign has increased the difficulties that surround an undertaking of this kind, but Col. Thomas has been equal to the occasion, and can flatter himself on the success of the undertaking, and will receive the grateful thanks of the people of this grand old Commonwealth for his untiring efforts to place her in the front rank where she by right belongs. The exposition will open Dec. 16, and all articles for exhibition should reach the Commissioner before the close of this month."

AN ERA OF BARN BURNING.

A Bitter Feud Growing Out of a Betrayal Filling a Community with Unrest.

Perkin's Corners, Cayuga Co., N. Y., November 17.—Jeremiah Brown and Morris Campbell are farmers living near one another not far from the boundary line between the towns of Cato and Conquest, in this county. Campbell is an unmarried man and in the spring of '83 Brown discovered that Campbell had betrayed his daughter Florence, a handsome girl of twenty. Campbell refused to make reparation by marrying the girl, but promised to pay her $2,000. This he subsequently refused to do. A bitter feud between the men was the result and the outcome of the trouble has at last brought a quiet farming community to a state of constant fear and unrest. During the first of the quarrel a large barn on the Brown farm was burned to the ground with all its contents. The fire was of incendiary origin. After Campbell had refused to make any reparation for the wrong done Miss Brown she had committed. The hearing in his case was up last winter, and after a long trial the jury failed to agree. Not long after that a barn belonging to Horace Burns, who was a witness against Campbell, was burned to the ground, and the origin of the fire was plainly incendiary. Following this, attempts were made to burn the building belonging to parties in the vicinity, some of whom were friendly to Brown and some on the side of Campbell.

Last summer a large barn belonging to Richard Richardson, who had manifested considerable interest in the Campbell prosecution, was burned to the ground, and valuable live stock, machinery and crops were destroyed. A few nights later Richardson was awakened by dense smoke in the room where himself and wife were sleeping, and jumping from bed discovered that the house was on fire. He gave the alarm, and in a very few minutes Campbell appeared on the scene with a ladder and assisted in extinguishing the flames. Campbell lives a mile from Burns. It was found that hay had been stuffed in under the clapboards of the house, saturated with kerosene and then set on fire. Soon afterward a barn belonging to Mortimer Van Auken was burned to the ground. Van Auken's hired man said he had seen Campbell at the Barn the night of the fire. He was arrested. He admitted before the Justice of the Peace that he had been in the barn, but that he had gone on an errand and knew nothing of the fire. He was discharged. The farmers in the neighborhood set a nightly watch on their premises and kept the vicinity under surveillance for a long time, but matters have apparently quieted down, and the vigilance was relaxed a week or so ago.

The community is now under greater excitement and apprehension than before, for the guards over premises had scarcely been withdrawn when another barn belonging to Mortimer Van Auken was burned, with all his year's crops. Led by Justice Cole, the farmers are now engaged in a determined effort to hunt down and bring to punishment the parties who are so persistently applying the torch to their property. In the mean time men armed with guns are kept patrolling about the farm buildings nightly.

HUNDREDS DYING.

An Awful Disease Raging in West Virginia.

Charleston, West Va., Nov. 20.—Information from Perryville, McDowell county, near the Virginia border, gives a frightful account of the ravages of the so-called cholera in the extreme southwestern counties of Virginia and adjoining territory in Kentucky. Making every allowance for exaggeration, the loss of life has already been appalling, while the condition of the survivors is terrible in the extreme. No rain has fallen in the Cumberland Mountains, in which the infected district is situated, for four months, the drouth entailing not only an almost total failure of crops but cutting off the supply of water over a wide area. Difficulty was experienced in obtaining water for stock, in some localities as early as the middle of August, but no actual suffering among the inhabitants until toward the end of September, when ordinary sources of supply having for the most part failed, the mountaineers were compelled in order to sustain life to obtain water for house-hold purposes from what were known as "poison" or mineral springs in the mountains, or from the small amount remaining in the deep holes in the beds of the creeks.

A persistent use of the water soon developed a peculiar disease, as deadly as Asiatic cholera in its nature, which has ever since raged with terrible fatility over half a dozen counties in the two states of Virginia and Kentucky, the loss of life being variously estimated at from four to eight hundred. Among children and adults well up in years the mortality has been greatest, but no class has been exempt. In a number of instances, especially along the forks of McLean's creek, a tributary of the Big Sandy, and in the valley of Powell river, emptying into the Tennessee, entire families have perished, while in numerous other cases but one or two members of a household survive. Few recover from the disorder, from 60 to 80 per cent. of those attacked dying, this being accounted for by the fact that pure water is still unobtainable and pure food and medical attendance cannot be had.

The drying up of the streams has necessitated the stoppage of numerous small grist mills along the mountain valleys, and the population for the most part appears to be in the most abject want and misery. The locality is almost inaccessible to the outside world, there being no railroad within one hundred miles, and the obtaining of reliable news is very difficult, but even if half what is alleged be true the calamity is one of the most serious nature and calls for prompt action by the authorities and public.

The danger of incidental harm to the community, or to certain classes of people, from the increased use of machinery, the extension of public works, etc., is greatly diminished when those who make the laws, and especially those whose duty it is to interpret them, recognize that law is a progressive science; that it is a means not an end; that when a state of things arises for which there is no precedent, a new precedent must be made. How the most enlightened jurists hold this principle constantly in view, and how the common as well as the statute law is thus made to keep pace with the general advance of civilization, is admirably set forth in the leading article of the "North American Review" for December, "Labor and Capital before the Law," by Judge T. M. Coony, of Michigan. To the same number William K. Ackerman contributes some suggestive "Notes on Railway Management." Dr. Schliemann tells what he found in his excavations of the ruins of Tiryns, in Southern Greece, and Principal Sharp supplements his scholarly article on "Friendship in Ancient Poetry" with one on "Friendship in English Poetry." The other articles in the number are, "The British House of Lords," by George Ticknor Curtis, and "Responsibility for State Roguery," by John F. Home.

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TRIAL LIST.—The following cases have been set down for trial before the November court:

First Week.

W H Rishel	vs. James Lingel
John T Fowler	" John Weaver
John T Fowler	" H K Narhoff et al
James C Swineford	" Perry Dean
C Sharrer	" John McMonigal
G A Campbell	" A M McClain

Second Week.

J R and C T Alexander vs	John I Thompson
H Merriman's Ex'rs	" Wm. F Reynolds et al
Wm. H Blair	" M Thompson et al
John Spotts	" E A Russell, M D
Jacob Tomb et al	" J W Meyers et al
James G Hall	" James Bryson et al
John D Gardner	" John T Fowelr
Frank Flanigan et al	" Rush township
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Bellefonte bor.
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Snow Shoe twp.
Moses Thompson	" Central Pa. Telephone and Supply Co
John McMaite	" Austin Lynn
Elizabeth Funk	" W S Funk
John T Fowler	" E J Pruner et al
Sam'l Stine's Adm'rs	" Joseph L Neff
Enos Bush et al	" Isaac Lose
Centre county	" Overseers of Poor of Bellefonte bor
Isaac Tressler et ux	" W L Sellers
Nathan Hough	" L Shover et al
A C Iddings & Co, Lim., use of	" Overseers of Poor of Boggs township
G K Shoenberger et al	" W B Addleman et al
Harrison Gray	" Crider, Foutz & drider
L B Evarts	" A J Griest
Catharine Fultz	" Benjamin Crain et al
John R Lee	" Robert Lee's Adm'rs
Mrs. Mary A Barcroft	" Jacob McCool
McClain & Cook	" Sam'l Blacksord et al
Centre County Banking Company	" Benjamin Rich
Joseph Steer	" James Steer et al
James Nofsker	" L & T R R Co
George R Richer	" S P Ruble
J W Sholl	" Geo B Beam et al
Chas Pottorf	" Hiram Eckroth
J H Hahn	" A C Moore et al
A E Price	" T J Dunkle
D S Ewing	" Jac Eisenhuth, gurdian

List of Grand Jurors for the 4th Monday of November, 1884:

Martin Woomer, Taylor	Henry Ryman, Milesb'g
Ed. Brown, jr., Bellefte	Michael Condo, Potter
Jesse Woodring, Worth	J W Adams, Howard t'p
A C Hinton, Snow Shoe	D L Zerby, Millheim
Geo. L Peters, Union	C D Runkle, Potter
James S Cross, ½ Moon	Jacob Fidler, Haines
Thomas Frank, Haines	M Confer, Howard twp.
Jos. Gross, Bellefonte	C J Walker, Boggs
John Rogers, Walker	J M Gramley, Miles
L G Lingle, Philipsburg	A S Tripple, Bellefonte
J W Heath, Rush	Fred Berger, Benner
Elias Lytle, Half Moon	James Martin, Marion

Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

J M Noll, Milesburg	Ed. Woods, Spring
M Poorman, Boggs	Geo. Keaster, Haines
James Alexander, Potter	David Dannes, Ferguson
John Kimport, Penn	Jacob H Wyle, Haines
A G Rodgers, Boggs	Jacob Burket, Miles
Wm. Foster, College	Israel Vonada, Gregg
Henry Emerick, Gregg	Jacob Woodring, Worth
A S Garman, Bellefonte	Aaron B Myers, Huston
David Robb, Liberty	James Cokley, Boggs
Emanuel Brown, Bell'fte	R F Mull, Philipsburg
Eph. Glenn, Patton	D G Leathers, Howard tp
Wm. Newman, Worth	J W Furey, Bellefonte
Alex. Miller, Spring	Abs. Confer, Haines
Geo. Eckle, Ferguson	Jerry Ebb, Philipsburg
M J Graham, Bellefonte	James Lingle, Boggs
Martin Hogan, Union	Charles Burley, Miles
L T Munson, Bellefonte	F T Lucas, Rush
Dan'l Ayers, Philpb'g	Miles Alexander, Hust'n
Isaac Dawson, Bellef'te	E D Noll, Milesburg
A E Graham, Liberty	John Emerick, Miles
Wm. H Stover, Haines	Thos. Boggs, Milesburg
J K Bitner, Gregg	Wm. Smith, Penn
Aaron Thomas, Potter	Walter Whippo, Walker
Henry Thompson, Lib'ty	Peter Auman, Gregg

Traverse Jurors—2d Week

Wm. H Wyland, Harris	John Moyer, Potter
John H Swartz, Penn	J Stambaugh, Haines
D L Meek, Patton	W T Speer, Bellefonte
H W Brickley, How'd't'p	D M Miller, Ferguson
Charles Cook, College	E C Henderson, Huston
Wm. R Teller, Bellef'te	Thos. Smith, Liberty
John Arney, Potter	Henry Rice, Rush
David Ertle, Penn	John Confer, Snow Shoe
M W Cowdrick, Bellef'te	W C Wyle, Haines
Harry Schroyer, "	C Haines, Howard twp.
John Stewart, College	W W Spangler, How'd't'p
Hepburn Blower, Taylor	Jesse Garrett, Miles
Wm. Irvin, jr., Marion	Wm. Glenn, College
S A Stover, Bellefonte	Dallas Cronister, Hust'n
Jacob Smith, Unionville	O M Sheets, Snow Shoe
Martin Smith, Ferguson	Miles Mattern, Potter
J M Harter, Gregg	Thos. Merryman, Taylor
Geo. Harter, Potter	Jas. Everhart, College

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GOOD WEEKLY PAPER FREE.

We will send the *Chicago Weekly News*, one year, to any one sending us the names of three new Cash subscribers to the CENTRE REPORTER, and give each of the new names 2 months (14 months) as a premium. This is a liberal offer, that leaves us no profit, but we make it as a trial to increase the list of the REPORTER. Any one can easily get three names under the above inducements and be well remunerated for his trouble. Two half yearly subscriptions will answer for one, and 6 half yearly for $3. tf

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined, passed and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors and all others in any wise interested and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, 26th day of November, A. D. 1884, for allowance and confirmation:

1 The account of Rev. Elias Stamback, executor of &c. of Christina Kreamer, late of Penn twp., deceased.
2 The first and final account of Frank B. Stover, administrator of &c. of Catharine Stover, late of Harris twp., dec'd.
3 The first and final account of W. H. Musser, executor of &c. of John Shiffer, late of Ferguson twp., deceased.
4 The first and final account of David H. Young, administrator of &c. of Catharine Young, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.
5 The first partial account of Christian Brown and Caroline Mulholland, administrator of &c. of Rudolph Mulholland, late of Burnside township, deceased.
6 The first and final account of W S Harris, executor of &c. of Elisa E Brewster, late of Philipsburg borough, dec'd.
7 The first and final account of J M Kichline, administrator of &c. of Mary Kochler, late of Bellefonte borough, dec'd.
8 The first and final account of Dr. Thomas C. VanTries and Geo. L. VanTries, administrators of &c. of Samuel VanTries, late of Bellefonte borough, deceased.
9 The account of Isaac S Frain, administrator of &c. of Henry Theil, late of Curtin township, deceased.
10 The account of Isaac Frain, administrator of &c. of Phoeby M Quay, late of Curtin township, deceased.
11 The account of Jonas Stine and R E Robinson, administrator of &c. of Robert Robinson, late of Huston twp., dec'd.
12 The second account of Michael Hess, guardian of minor children of Susan Kuarr, dec'd.
13 The account of Thomas Strauss, guardian of &c. of the minor children of Samuel Corl, late of Ferguson twp., dec'd.
14 The account of Thomas R Zeigler, administrator of &c. of Isaac Zeigler, late of Miles township, deceased.
15 The account of W H Fry, acting administrator of &c. of Hugh Larimore, late of Ferguson township, dec'd.
16 The first and final account of Jesse Woodring, executor of &c. of Nancy Emigh, late of Worth twp., dec'd.
17 The account of W J Thompson, administrators of &c. of Dr. A. S. Weaver, late of Potter twp., dec'd.

JAMES A. BOLAIN,
Register.

THE POET'S DREAM.

Silence hath mysteries which we dream not of;
What is it but the memory of sound?
Deep in its chambers, hidden far away
We know each song a separate place hath found

Deem you the music dead? It echoes down
The thought-hedged ways where listening memory treads,
Pure silence is one web of many songs,
Like some fabric woven of many threads.

The stars in silence turn, yet in their course
Make rythmic music for the universe.
We say the flowers grow silently. They sing
Sweet songs of love and beauty where they spring.
The beauty of the summer quiet night
Is haunted yet by tender whispering
Of music that hath been and taken flight.

O poet! thine the finer sense that hears
The music all unheard by other ears:
Thou gatherest music from the silence deep,
And hearest in dreams, while others sleep.
To thee the clouds are glorious symphonies;
The sunlight's flooding gold, the shadows deep,
Are songs in minor and in major keys.

O poet! sing for us of duller ears
The voiceless melodies thy spirit hears:
Catch from all nature the deep undertone
Of music that is hers and thine alone;
Interpret for us all that nature sings
In silence; now the flutter of swift wings
Of angels makes the silence rich in song.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

She stood there among the corn, the poppies and cornflowers, motionless as a statue, somewhat smart as she always was, with an attempt at gentility that made me smile as I noticed the long cotton gloves, the lace fichu, the would-be fashionable pokebonnet that looked so out of harmony with her surroundings. There was a strange smile, half deprecating, half defiant, on her handsome, gypsy-like face as I approached her, which, combined with her immobility, made me think that something unusual must have occurred.

For Katie Goldie and I were great friends, in spite of the difference in our positions; she being Farmer Goldie's only daughter and I the only child of the rector of the same little sea-bounded village. We had grown up from babyhood, knit together by the similarity of our circumstances—both the same age, both motherless, both only daughters of doting fathers, to whom we were equally devoted. But here the similarity ceased. Our characters were as different as were our positions. Kate was all life, energy; a capital manager, a better farmer than her father; full of health, spirits, and with a fair idea of her own talents; while I, small delicate, dreamy and romantic, and addicted to quiet employments, let her take the lead in everything we did in common.

On any other day she would have run to meet me, and it was her unusual tranquillity that surprised me. I knew she had been out of spirits for many months back, and no wonder. Times were hard for the farmers, and it seemed to me that every month Mr. Goldie had to draw in his horns more and more. Had anything fresh occurred, any new misfortune that could cause her to stand looking at me in that curious fashion?

"What is the matter? I cried, as I approached her.

"Nothing is the matter; I was but thinking, and I want your advice, Miss Florence."

"It must be something very important," I said, "that causes you to stand still for full five minutes."

"It is important; come, we will walk together, and I will tell you all about it."

Gladly I assented, for I was burning with curiosity. She put her arms within mine, and proceeded, with her usual straightforwardness, and at times jarring bluntness, to lay the case before me.

"You see, Miss Florence," she began, "they both wants"——

"Want," I corrected.

"Well!" impatiently, "didn't I say 'wants'? to marry me, and I don't know which to take. I was thinking about it when you came up."

"But who are 'they'?" I asked. Are 'they' Jim Taylor and Walter Butler, for if so——"

"No," sadly, "not Walter Butler; it's Jim Taylor and David Wardour."

"But, Kate, you puzzle me. I thought," in a low tone, "I always fancied that I was Walter——"

"I was not speaking of myself, but of them—Jim Taylor and David Wardour—which shall it be?"

I withdrew my arm in a transport of righteous indignation.

"I don't understand you," I cried: "why should it be either, when you care for Walter?"

It was her turn to be indignant now; she turned round on me fiercely.

"Walter, Walter," she said, "why do you keep on talking of him? Ah!" with something that sounded almost like a sob, "how stupid you are!"

"Then you had better not ask my advice," I answered, highly offended, but she did not heed me.

"Miss Florence," she continued, "what I wants to know is this; Which is the richest of the two and which is the kindest-hearted. Mr. Bowles has known them both ever so long; have you heard him say?"

But I was too indignant to answer her question.

"Kate," I said loftily, "I am ashamed of you. I never thought that you would look on matrimony in this spirit. It's quite shocking. Which the richest, indeed! Oh! it is horrible. It ought to be no question of money, only of which you—you—love the best. I never thought you would be so worldly."

"Miss Florence, you are a goose," was Kate's unmannerly rejoinder, as she walked away from me toward her own home, leaving me still with an expression of conscious virtue depicted on my countenance.

During the days that ensued I saw nothing of Kate, and by degrees it dawned on me that we two old friends were indulging in the folly of a quarrel. I was, however, sincerely disgusted with her, and my disgust was increased when, a few days after I met her in the corn field, my father announced to me that he had heard in the village that she was engaged to be married to Jim Taylor.

"You must go this afternoon and congratulate her, Flo," he continued, quite unaware that Kate and I were not on speaking terms. But this state of things could not continue, so I took his advice and went down to Hawthorne Farm in the afternoon to offer my congratulations and tacitly cry *Pax!*

I found Kate looking ill, with dark rings round her eyes, and by no means the blushing bride-elect. She received my congratulations very calmly.

"He is here," she said; "I will call him. "Jim, come here and speak to Miss Florence. He is shelling peas for me," she continued; "I always make him useful—I can't abide idle fellows."

I began to feel rather sorry for Jim.

He came in, however, anything but sorry for himself, radiant and blushing as any girl; but as he was eminently uncomfortable in my presence, Kate soon dismissed him to the peas again, and resumed her conversation. She was far more talkative than usual, being as a rule rather silent.

"Yes," she continued, "we shall marry very soon, so as to be well settled before harvest; for you know, Miss Florence, we are going to live here and manage the farm. Father is getting old, and he worries himself to death about things, so now Jim and I will do it all, and—Jim has plenty of capital" defiantly.

"Oh, yes, it is all very nice," I answered, somewhat sarcastically, "and I am sure Jim is a good fellow," I added more warmly; "he looks it."

"Oh, he is very well;" then more brightly: "I'll tell you what he is, Miss Florence; he is a right-down good farmer, and that is what we wants here."

"I am very glad to hear it," I answered, and very shorly after took my leave. There was a constraint about us both that made the interview anything but satisfactory, and I was pleased—almost for the first time in my life—to leave sweet Hawthorne Farm, where I had always been so happy. There was a sad alteration in it since the days when I used to go there in Kate's holiday time and eat strawberries or cake, according to the season of the year; then everything about the place had been bright and prosperous; now all spoke of want of money. True, it was as tidy as, under the circumstances, it could be, but it was a shabby, poverty-stricken tidiness compared to the old days of spick-and-span neatness, which it was to be hoped Jim's capital might restore.

As I walked through the village street toward home whom should I encounter but Walter Butler. He was sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, whistling loudly and looking anything but the love-sick swain. For the first time, good-looking as he was, his countenance repelled me, and involuntarily I contrasted it with Jim's straightforward, ingenuous face. How idle he looked too! Surely he could not again have left his place. When last I had seen him he had been keeper to Mr. Groves, about three miles inland.

"Good evening, Walter," I said.

"Good evening, miss."

"Are you come home for a holiday?" I continued.

"I've left Mr. Groves," he answered somewhat defiantly.

"I'm sorry for that," I replied. "I am afraid you are rather a rolling stone."

"I am not a-going to stay in a place where I am not trusted," he responded, almost impertinently. Then: "So Kate Goldie is going to be married? I wonder how Jim Taylor will like keeping that old father of hers? I reckon he won't make much out of that place, as it has had nothing put into it for these many years past."

"This is his affair," I answered. "Good-evening, Walter," and I passed on.

Six weeks later Kate Goldie and Jim Taylor were made man and wife in the little village church. To my mind, Kate looked beautiful. Her simple white dress and bonnet became her better than her ordinarily rather smart attire, and her unusual pallor was an improvement to her. The happy pair went straight home to Hawthorne Farm and began the business of life at once. The whole affair seemed sadly lacking in romance.

All this time Walter remained idling about the village, picking up a few shillings at haymaking, harvesting, etc., etc.. and haunting Hawthorne Farm as soon as ever Mr. and Mrs. Taylor were settled there. He would stroll up to the house and present his handsome face at the kitchen window, where Kate would be busy with her cooking or her baking, or he would walk boldly in and offer to help her with anything in which she was employed. On some pretext or other he was never long absent, and soon my father began to look grave about it, and to say he feared that Walter Butler was not up to much good and that the village people were beginning to talk.

In those days I often used to go and see Kate, and always found her busy and industrious, but with a haggard, worried look in her eye that ought not to have been there, for her affairs were looking up—the harvest was a good one, Jim worked like two men, fences were repaired, more hands were taken on, new machinery bought, and altogether Hawthorne Farm began to wear a faint resemblance to its former self. Old Mr. Goldie, too, was perfectly happy, Jim was an attentive and respectful son-in-law, and it seemed to me that, except that her husband was too soft, as she once said to me, Kate had nothing to complain of.

One afternoon when I strolled up there I found, to my annoyance, Walter Butler, with a pipe in his mouth, sitting in the best parlor, while Kate sat in the window mending. I at once evinced my displeasure by saying, with marked coldness:

"I will not stay, Kate, as I see you are occupied," and I was about to withdraw when she flung down her work and came after me.

"O, Miss Florence, do stay—do stay!"

There was a ring of entreaty in her voice that struck me, and I turned round again.

"I can't stay," I answered, "if Walter Butler is sitting here smoking."

"He shan't sit there—he shall go."

"I thought you could not abide lazy fellows, Kate?" I continued, somewhat maliciously.

"No more I can," she answered, flushing. "I hate them!" Oh, I hate them!"

There was a passion, a fire about her as she ejaculated these words that puzzled me and made me at once go back with her. We found Walter still lounging on the pretty chintz-covered sofa, but my presence seemed to make Kate brave, for she said to him:

"Now just go about your business, Walter and take your nasty pipe out of this room when Miss Florence is coming into it."

He rose sulkily enough.

"Good-by, Kate," he said patronizingly, made a surly salute, and was about to leave the room, when Jim came in—fair, red-faced *debonair*, as usual. Not so *debonair*, though, that he could not shoot a glance of anger and contempt at Walter Butler.

"What be you a-doing here?" he asked, and then turned, after greeting me, to Kate.

"My dear," he said gently; "I wants my tea early to-day."

I stayed and had tea with them, and was more than ever struck with Jim's gentleness and goodness to his wife, and by his innate good breeding. I began to think that Kate had married well.

Her manner toward him was singularly variable. One minute it was cold, the next warm; it was contemptuous, yet at times respectful—altogether a riddle.

"What a good husband you have, Kate," I remarked as he left the room to return to his work.

"Yes," she answered, "he is well enough—he is very good to father and me—that I can't deny—but he's not much of a man," she added with some contempt. "When you marry, Miss Florence, marry a man as will look after you."

"Why, Kate, Jim is always thinking of you. I should not have thought that you, who are so independent, cared to be looked after so much."

"You are not married. You do not Miss Florence, understand," and with this, for me rather humiliating remark, the conversation ceased.

It was a few weeks after this that Jim proved himself the man in the sense I could not understand, in so satisfactory a manner that he and Kate have been the happiest of couples ever since. Kate herself told me all about it in a moment of expansion, following immediately after the event.

It seemed that one day when Walter was lounging about her while she was busy in her kitchen-garden, Jim came in very quietly—he was always quiet—at an hour when he was usually out in the fields, with a heavy carter's whip in his hand. He walked up to Walter.

"Now," said he, quite calmly," I wants to know what business you always have here, prowling about my wife? If ever I catch you in this here garden or house again I will lay this"—holding up the whip—"about your shoulders; so now you better be gone."

Walter stared in amazement at the quiet fair-haired man. "You oaf, you," he said.

"An oaf, am I?" said Jim; "then take this," and gave him a smart cut with the whip.

With a cry of rage Walter tried to spring on him, but Jim kept his head and eluded him.

"Don't try that," he said, "or you will get the worst of it," and once more he raised the whip menacingly.

"Kate, go in," he said, with a ring of authority in his voice she had never heard there before, but she did not stir. How could she when love and admiration for her husband were surging through her veins, and her heart was beating so that she could not move?

For one minute the two men stood eyeing each other, and then lithe and active Jim had seized Walter round the waist and thrown him to the ground. There was a cry of joy, or pride, and Kate ran up to her husband.

"Oh, Jim! I am so glad, so glad!"

He looked at her wonderingly, but did not answer, for Walter, with an evil white face, had risen to his feet, and finding his despised antagonist too much for him was preparing to beat an undignified retreat. The sight of Kate, clinging to her husband's arm, seemed too much for him. He shook his fist speechless with fury, at them both, then slowly withdrew, turning round from time to time to repeat the gesture. But Kate and her husband had entered the house, he quite calm and quiet again, a fact which impressed his wife with his strength of both body and mind not a little.

"Did you say you were glad, Kitty?" he asked incredulously.

"Oh! so glad. Jim, I have been so miserable. He would come here day after day and reproach me with having behaved badly to him, and say that I had given my promise to marry him. So I had, but after I had said 'yes' he cooled off, became quite distant like, and never came near me. Then I grew sore and angry, and when he went away to Mr. Groves' without ever a word to me, I vowed I would have nothing more to say to him. It was just about that time that poor father lost so much money, and when you came and asked me to marry you, I thought as how you were rich and——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about that, Kitty; you never hid from me why you married me. But why did you never tell me how Walter persecuted you? I would soon have sent him about his business. I thought," rather sadly and hesitatingly, "that you liked him to come."

"And I thought," with downcast eyes, "that you were not—not man enough, Jim, and I was angry that you did not show more spirit, and I said to myself 'you were but a poor thing.' But now," with a glow of pride, "I know differently, and oh! I am so glad he is gone. He is a bad one, he is."

Jim drew her to him and kissed her.

"He is a bad 'un, Kate, and do you know why he became so cool and distant to you after asking you to marry him? Because he found out that affairs here were in a bad way and that he would have uncommonly little money, instead of a great deal; as he had fancied. Don't you think you are well rid of him for a husband?"

"I do Jim, indeed I do—and, Jim, I have always been a good wife to you, although I did marry you because you were rich and would let father live with us, but now"—in a whisper—'you know—yes, you know——"

"What, Kitty? Say it aloud."

"Why, you know that I love you."

That is word for word as Kate told the story to me. She is a comely matron now, with half a dozen children about her. I am still Miss Florence, not having yet found the man equal to looking after me.

"Tink of Dose Tings."

"Der clothing peesness," he replied as he wiped his face with a red bandana and sat down on a $2 trunk at the door, "vhas vhat you might call played oudt. It vhas hard scratching to make a tollar."

"But people wear clothes all the time."

"Oxactly, but peoples haf changed a good deal. Some folks vhes all for style, and dey go to a tailor to get a fit. Odder peoples puy ready-made clothing, but so many of us vhas in der peeness dot it vhas hard sledding. Eafery man who comes into my blace oxpects to beat me down. Eafery man look der goots all oafer for cotton, and it vhas hard to deceive him."

"What do you ask for that tweed suit?"

"Vell, my first price on dot suit vhas $14. After I talk for 10 minutes I drop to $12. If der customer pegins to pull out cotton fibres, I make ter price $10, at which I put my hand on my heart und assure him dot I lose ofer tree tollar."

"But if he doesn't take it?"

"Vhel, I go oudt und my vhife sells it to him for $9 as a great favor. Dere vas no more profit in tweed suits. I had to pay $4 in Rochester."

"I suppose you make up on trunks and satchels."

"Make oop! Vhy man, it vhas dot part of der peesness vhat ruins me! Look here! Here vhas a trunk mit a patent lock und all conveniences dot I ask $4 for. If I doan' get so much, I drop to $3. If der shentleman says he vhill look aroundt a leedle, I tell him to take it along for $2, but it vhas sooch a loss my children cry all night long."

"They must cost you nearly that."

"Vhell, I haf an uncle who makes der woodwork, a brudder who puts on de lock, a sister who papers der inside, und my fader screws on der hinges, und by sweeping oudt my own store I vhas able to buy dot trunk for sixty cents."

Do you ever leave a customer go out without buying?"

"Vhell, I doan' remember of sooch a calamity. If I can't sell him my vhife comes in und tries it. If she can't sell him, her sister comes in und speaks like an angel. Sometimes a man vhas sharp as steel. He vhants an $18 suit for $12. He knows dot we haf to sacrifice, pecause our stock vhas too large, und he hangs off and peats aroundt, until I finally close der bargain, und assure him dot I leaf for der county house tomurrow."

"And you lose——"

"Vhell, dot suit cost me $5.25 in Rochester!"

"I guess you'll pull through."

"I hope so. You see, I lif oop stairs to save house rent. I keep no clerk to embezzle from me. I use some kerosene to save gas. My rent vhas low, pecause I vhas a good tenant. I haf aunts und uncles und brudders in der clothing und trunk peesness, I vhas acquainted mit Vanderbilt und Gould. I puys ven it vhas hard times. I discount my own paper. All dis vhas werry favorable for my peesness, und it vhas dose reasons dot makes me offer you a complete suit of dot French broadcloth for $22. I assure you dot it vhas der greatest bargain in der world."

"And that suit cost you——"

"Seven dollars in Rochester; but if you pay $14 fare to Rochester und back, lose two days und vhas out $4 for hotel bill, how much do you make, eh? You must tink of dose tings."

He Knew His Gait.

Recently as a tramp entered a yard the owner of the place came around the corner of the house. The recognition was mutual, and the owner observed:

"No use coming in here."

"Why?"

"Because we have nothing for tramps. Better be off with you."

"Is that a threat?" asked the tramp.

"You can take it that way."

"Then you are liable to the law. The fifteenth Michigan reports, page 221, makes a threat of bodily injury a punishable offense. It is also held by the Supreme Court in Baker vs. Gray that a threat could always be construed as a breach of the peace."

"There's too many loafers of your shape around."

"I'm a loafer, eh? Slander is defined as applying opprobrious epithets or circulating stories calculated to injure one's character. See Twentieth Mich., pages 23, 24 and 25. Also decision in Black vs. Tallman."

"You come in here and I'll give you all the law you want."

"An assault may consist of bodily injury or simply words. If John Doe inveighs against Richard Roe in anger, uttering covert threats of bodily injury and leading Richard to suspect and fear bodily harm, that is an assault. See Michigan Statutes, pages 11 and 12; also Supreme Court decision in case of Fairbanks vs. Shadwell."

"Well, I warn you to keep ont."

"Certainly. Any person entering upon the property of another when forbidden so to do is guilty of trespass. Thirteenth Michigan, case of Jones vs. Braintree."

The owner of the place looked at the tramp for a moment and then disappeared in the back yard. The stranger started after him for awhile, and then started slowly up the street with the observation:

"Any person going about from place to place without occupation or means of subsistence, or any person asking for food or alms upon the streets or public highways shall be considered a vagrant. That's me. See sixteenth Michigan, page 92. Also; decision in case of Detroit vs. Warner. Judgment of lower court sustained, and plaintiff remanded back to the workhouse.

Charity is a universal duty.

Fine Feathers.

"Take the year right through," said a feather dealer to a reporter yesterday afternoon, "and you'll find by observation that San Francisco ladies wear feathers on their hats to a greater extent than they are worn in any other city of the size in the world."

"How's that" asked the reporter.

"It's the climate, I suppose—the cool, even temperature of this peninsula, which permits sealskins and winter-fashioned hats to be worn during the greater part of the year."

"But the dealers in fancy feathers don't complain on this account?"

"Not they. It's a very good business here, except during two or three months of the year, when people are well supplied or have gone into the country with their flower and ribbon trimmed straw hats. A good deal of my trade is with ladies who have old feathers to dye or curl or cut up into tips."

"What is a tip?"

"A tip is one of those short, bobbing feathers so stylish just now. Last year the fashionable craze was over wild birds' wings and heads for hats and turbans, but this year it's tips."

"Are they mostly cut from ostrich feathers?"

"Well, that is the supposition; but, bless you, we don't sell more than half the number of real ostrich feathers that we do of imitations. It's a shame to cut up a nice long ostrich plume into tips, and the very short ostrich feathers are rarely of good texture and fibre—that is, the African kind are not. Many of the East India importations of this sort are very good, however but they come very high. So all kinds of feathers are fixed up in imitation of those of the ostrich. There's the rhea, or American ostrich; the adjutant, peacock, pheasant, eagle and others. The kind used here to a great extent, especially in imitating ostrich tips is the South American vulture. I will show you some of those imitations and will see how they may be distinguished from the real article."

Comparisons were then made between different varieties of feathers, and the difference between genuine and counterfeit pointed out. It was shown how an "ostrich" plume of great length might be made by piecing the soft short feathers of the vulture on a framework of whalebone, stiff cloth or other material, the only way to detect the imposition on public credulity without direct comparison being by a glance at the inside of the feather, which will disclose the framework. The feathers of cocks are also pieced together in this manner and when curled and colored make a handsome plume though more easily distinguished from the ostrich feathers by the thin and wiry nature of the fibres.

"What is the difference in price between the imitation and real plumes and tips?" was asked.

"Real ostrich feathers run from $2.50 up to $20 each. I will make you all the imitations you want at 10 cents up to $4 or $5 apiece."

"Are not the long plumes worn to a great extent?"

"Oh, yes; they always will be, too, as there is nothing handsomer on a hat than a finely-colored ostrich plume."

"Are all these feathers dyed before being worn?"

"Nearly all. Only once in a great while do we get a feather right off the ostrich which does not require coloring. You see uniform color is always desired by ladies, and this is a rare thing in fresh-plucked ostrich feathers. They are generally like this," said the feather man, showing some long white and brown feathers, the colors of which were mixed, like pepper and salt, over the downy plumes. "Here is rarity," and he uncovered a lovely brown feather, which would have made a fashionable young lady wild with envy if she had seen it on a rival belle's hat. "Then they come in grays and sometimes in snowy whites, but the latter are rare," said the dealer.

The various methods of dying feathers were explained. They are not materially different from the modes of coloring straw or dress goods. A feather may be colored a hundred different, shades beginning with a light one, and will wear for ten or twelve years if properly cared for.

"Where do the San Francisco feather dealers get their supplies of the ostrich article?" the reporter inquired.

"Chiefly from New York. We used to import them from France, but for some reason or other we find that we can get the same feather in New York for $4 that we would have to pay 25 francs for in Paris. Besides there is an enormous customs duty to be paid."

"Do you get many feathers from Australia?"

"No; only a few, but they are of good quality."

"How do the feathers of the ostriches hatched in this country compare with the foreign importations?"

"Very favorably, those that I have seen. There is no reason why the ostrich should not thrive in our southern counties. I am well acquainted with the ostrich-growing industry, having once owned an ostrich farm near Calcutta. One thing I have noticed about ostrich growing in this country which I don't like is the failure to secure good stock to start with. The man who selects from the best birds and those varieties having the finest plumage will be the man who makes the most money out of the business. In ostrich raising, as in everything else, a person must start right in order to succeed."

"What are the going colors in feathers just now?"

"Gold-brown and bright and dark garnet."

Electric Towers.

These towers are now being found fault with by vessel captains who complain that the reflection of the lights is so great on the river that they are blinded by it and cannot see the lights of vessels moving about the harbor. This too is especially so on hazy nights. Some captains say they have barely escaped collisions by not being able to discover the lights on passing vessels. Other captains claim that the electrics troubled them in discerning the lighthouses in the mouth of the river.

Spontaneous Barn Burning.

It is noticeable that a larger number of burning barns is mentioned by the periodical press in the summer than at any other time. Some of the fires are undoubtedly caused by lightning, the moist vapor from the uncured hay making a favorable conductor for the electric fluid. But there are barn fires which cannot be attributed to lightning, to lighting of matches, to light from lanterns, nor to the invasions of careless tramps. It may be that the spontaneous combustion of hay is as possible as the spontaneous firing of cotton waste. All fibrous material, when moist, and compressed, and defended from the cooling influences of the outward air, is subjected to a heating similar to that of fermentation and in some instances the degree of heat is sufficient to cause actual, visible combustion. In the case of recently 'cured' hay this danger is as great as, in similar circumstances, other materials may be. Frequently the grass is cut in the early morning, while wet with dew; is turned twice during the day, and gathered and packed in the "mow" or the "bay" before nightfall, with perhaps a sparse sprinkling of salt. Such a compressed mass of fibrous, moist matter will heat. How far the heat will go toward generating a combustion may be inferred from a foolish trick which the writer witnessed several years ago.

A large meadow of hay had been cut, cured and cooked, previous to removal. A shower threatening, the cocks were covered with caps of canvas and left for the night. While getting the hay in, the next day, one of the workmen dropped an unlighted match from his pocket into a cock of hay, and in a few minutes it was ablaze. It afterward was ascertained that he had spoken of the warmth of the hay as he lifted it on his fork, when a companion remarked that it might be hot enough to light a match, on which he put a match into a rick, and before they had passed on five minutes the rick was on fire.

Everybody conversant with farm-life, where hay is a permanent and an important crop, know that for weeks after getting in the hay the barn is warm when the doors are opened in the morning. There is an amount of heat that is absolutely unpleasant when the thermometer outside registers 60 deg., but which is quite welcome with the outside temperature at 40 deg. This barn heat is undoubtedly from the moist hay, compacted and inclosed. The cure for the possible danger of spontaneous barn burning would seem to be the thorough curing—drying—of the hay before it is housed. We dry all our herbs and some of our vegetables without injuring their peculiar and individual qualities. There is no reason why hay or other fodder material stored in large masses should not be rendered equally innoxious to the influences of heat by thorough drying.

"The City of the Sun."

But speaking of the claims set up in the way of scriptural significance for places in this vicinity, there is one place, at least, the pretensions of which are duly authenticated. I refer to Heliopolis, the "City of the Sun, the ruins of which adjoin the present village of Matarigeh, about five miles distant from Cairo. This famous place is identified as the On of the Bible, where Joseph took the daughter of the priest Potifera to wife. The site of the once important city is appropriately marked by the oldest obelisk that has been discovered, with the exception of a small one in the necropolis of Memphis. The companion of the existing obelisk (for obelisks are always erected in pairs) passed away over 1,200 years ago. The two were erected over 4,000 or 5,000 years ago. The remaining one is a shaft sixty-six feet high, of red granite covered with hieroglyphics. The metal on the pyramidum on the top has passed away, and the successive inundations of the Nile have piled a good many feet of mud about the monument.

At Heliopolis was also the finest Egyptian temple with one exception in the Old Testament days, a temple dedicated to the sun employing a staff of priests, menials, custodians, and attaches which is said to have numbered no less than 12,913. The Pharaohs were especially proud of their title as "Lord of Heliopolis."

Nearer the modern village are the trees and well of the Virgin. The Virgin's tree is a decayed sycamore planted in 1672, allegedly upon the site of a previous tree, in the hollow trunk of which Mary had concealed herself and the divine child. Not satisfied with well enough, the people in the vicinity spoil the whole tradition by also averring that a spider spun his web across the opening so as to effectually screen the fugitive. I did not learn whether the spider and his web are still preserved there or not. The present tree was presented to the Empress Eugnie by the Khedive at the inauguration of the Suez Canal It is also stated on pretty good authority that the balsam shrub, the balm of which the Queen of Sheba presented to King Soloman, once throve in the vicinity of Heliopolis. The plant has long since ceased to grow hereabouts. Cleopatra attempted to introduce them, but without success.

Old Schuyler Mansion.

The sale of the old Schuyler mansion in Albany will attract the attention of historic students and antiquaries. It was built in 1760 by the wife of General Philip Schuyler, and was a marvel of grandeur in its early days. Its walls echoed the voices of the most notable heroes of Revolutionary times. Franklin, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, De Rochambeau were among its most famous guests. Here General Burgoyne was held a prisoner after his surrender at Saratoga, here Alexander Hamilton and, a generation later, President Fillmore, were married. Here, in 1781, a desperate effort was made by Tories and Indians to capture General Schuyler, and the brave old hero, gathering his family in an upper room, stood siege resolutely until relief came. But the inexorable tide of business and population has at last swept over the old mansion. It will soon exist only in history.

EMPRESS PUDDING.—Eight or ten fine juicy apples, pared and cored, one-half a pound of stale maccaroons pounded fine, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half a cupful sweet jelly, one pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, the whites of three well-beaten eggs and a little salt. Put the apples into a well-buttered pudding dish, fill full of water, cover closely, cook in a slow oven until tender. Drain off the water and cool the apples. Put into each apple a spoonful of jelly, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon, cover and stand awhile. Scald the milk, stir in the maccaroons, salt and corn starch. Wet with a little cold milk. Boil all together one minute. Take from the fire and let it stand a few minutes. Then stir in the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Pour the mixture over the apples, bake three-quarter of an hour, and eat, while hot, with sauce.

TRAINING OF CHILDREN.—As soon as your lititle lass can prattle and run about teach her order, cleanliness, neatness and economy. The second you can commence almost at birth. Buy her some toys—dolls, a house and cradle, if possible—supply her with a place to put them in, nor suffer any member of the family to disturb or appropriate that place. As soon as she is tired of her playthings make her carefully dust and stow them neatly away in their proper places. This will teach her order and punctuality. As she advances give her lessons in sewing and making garments for her dolls; also to make the curtains, carpets and upholstery for the chairs, sofas and ottomans, and arrange them properly, to keep the house clean and the doll's clothes also. By this you will lay the foundation of a good, sound, practical domestic education, and will soon discover all the elements of a well-ordered and regulated system pervading every action and movement of your little pupil.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Use the orange quinces. Wipe, pare, quarter and remove all the core. Take an equal weight of sugar. Cover the quinces with cold water. Let them come slowly to a boil. Skim, and when nearly soft put one quarter of the sugar on top, but do not stir. When this boils add another part of the sugar, and continue until all the sugar is in the kettle. Let them boil slowly until the color you like, either light or dark.

CREAM SAUCE.—The whites of three eggs, yolks of two, one cup of powdered sugar, two teaspoonfuls of vanilla, six tablespoonfuls of thick, rich cream. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, then add the sugar. Beat the yolks and add the cream. Beat until light. Mix together. Add the flavoring. Be sure to beat the sugar and whites of eggs together thoroughly before adding to the rest.

Capital Comfort.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mrs. Mary K. Sheed, 1110 Maryland avenue, Washington, D. C., states, that for several years she had suffered terribly with facial neuralgia and could find no relief In a recent attack which extended to the neck, shoulders and back; the pain was intense. She resolved to try St. Jacob's Oil, the great pain-reliever. Rubbing the parts affected, three times only, all pain vanished as if by magic, and has not returned

Weigh not so much what men assert, as what they prove; remembering that truth is simple and naked, and needs no invention to apparel her comeliness.

SINCE LAST OCTOBER I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—often in the night having to get up and inhale salt and water for relief. My eye has been, for a week at a time, so I could not see. I have used no end of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was impure blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless, but in a few days I was cured. My nose now, and also my eye, is well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me. MRS. GEORGIE S. JUDSON, Hartford, Conn. (Easy to use. Price 50 cts.)

More hearts pine away in secret anguish for unkindness from those who should be their comforters, than for any other calamity in life.

ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN MILES OF ORGANS.—In numbering the organs of their manufacture, Mason & Hamlin have reached No. 150,000. Arranged in a line these would reach one hundred and thirteen miles, or would fence the railroad on one side from the Grand Central Station in New York, to within twenty miles of Springfield, Mass. Not only does this show the great popularity of American organs, but it illustrates what was declared by James Parton to be a general fact, that he who makes the best article in his line always has the greatest success.

We understand that the Mason & Hamlin Company's new Upright Piano is now commanding a large sale, and is, in every way, up to the standard of their unrivalled organs. We predict a large success for this piano, which is constructed on a new system, said to be a decided advance over the prevailing wrest-pin system.—*Boston Journal.*

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses.

Mothers

If you are failing; broken, Worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Great is he who enjoys his earthenware as if it were plate, and not less great is the man to whom all his plate is no more than earthenware.

WE RECOMMEND Ely's Cream Balm where a cure for Catarrh is called for, and consider that we are doing the public a service by making its virtues known to those afflicted with this loathsome disease, for which it is in most instances a perfect cure. PECK BROS., Druggists, Grand Rapids Mich. (Price 50 cts. See adv.)

Give all care to the intellect, but ever keep the mind in subjection to a loving heart, and train it simply as the heart's best servant.

SLICES OF QUINCE.—Quince was one of the good things that was served up in the "Nonsense Verses" with "a runcible spoon," after "he fed her with mince." There is no good reason why all the good quinces should be preserved for future use. Some of them may be baked and eaten with butter and sugar, or with cream and sugar, and are an excellent relish at dinner. Quinces and sweet apples preserved together are delicious; one-third quinces to two-thirds apples is a good proportion; cook the fruit much the same as for marmalade, only try to preserve the form; this is sometimes most effectually done by steaming the fruit, using the water under the steamer to make the syrup with. It is a good plan to can a quart of the clear quinces, for they may be used to flavor apple sauce and apple pies when apples are almost without flavor in the spring.

QUINCE butter is made by slicing pared quinces, and boiling them in sufficient water to entirely cover them; let them cook until they are reduced to pulp, then rub them through a sieve, weigh the pulp after putting it through a sieve, and to each pound allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar; let this boil until the pulp is almost like jelly. It will harden of course after it is put away in glasses, and it is well to have this in mind when preparing it. When preserving quinces you can easily make more syrup than you will need to put in the cans with the fruit; this you can put in sealed bottles or pint cans for flavoring sauces. The sauce served with apple dumplings is especially nice with quince flavoring.

LEMON SHORTCAKE.—If your family like a good strong lemon flavor it will be a delicious dish. Make a shortcake dough exactly like a strawberry shortcake. While that is baking grate the peel of a lemon and squeeze every drop of juice from it into a bowl; then take half a cup of sugar and half a cup of molasses, a teacupful of water, a little lump of butted and a tablespoonful of flour. Let this boil until it is just about as thick as boiled custard. When the shortcake is baked cut it in two parts and pour the mixture over the lower one; then lay the upper part on this, bottom side up, and cover that also with the custard.

A Printer's Error.

Sweet are the uses of *adversity*, the printer's copy said, but he set it up, sweet are the uses of advertising. Sweet, indeed, to those who in sickness and suffering have seen the advertisement of some sovereign remedy, which upon trial has brought them from death's door. "The best thing I ever saw in my paper was the advertisement of Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery'" is again and again the testimony of those who have been healed by it of lung disease, bronchial affections, tumors, ulcers, liver complaints and the ills to which flesh is heir.

He who seldom speaks, and with one calm, well-timed word can strike dumb the loquacious, is a hero.

* * * * Loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily, thoroughly and permanently cured. Address, with three letter stamps for reply and book of particulars, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

History needs distance, perspective. Facts and events which are too well attested cease, in some sort to be malleable.

"Nip't in the Bud!"

Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most widespread and fatal of diseases—consumption have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

The hypocrite who cloaks his knavery is less dangerous to the commonwealth than he who transgresses in the face of day.

Figures Won't Lie.

The figures showing the enormous yearly sales of Kidney-Wort, demonstrate its value as a medicine beyond dispute. It is a purely vegetable compound of certain roots, leaves and berries known to have special value in Kidny troubles. Combined with these are remedies acting directly on the Liver and Bowels. It is because of this combined action that Kidney-Wort has proved such an unequalled remedy in all diseases of these organs.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone forever.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50c.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him; victory may deprive him of his poison, but reconciliation of his will.

SUFFERERS FROM COUGHS, SORE THROAT, etc., should try "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," a simple but sure remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

Simplicity, of all things is the hardest, to be copied, and ease is only to be acquired with the greatest labor.

DR. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer is the marvel of the age for all nerve diseases. All fits stopped free. Send to 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is with flowers as it is with moral qualities; the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

Open your mouth and purse cautiously, and your stock of reputation and wealth shall, at least in repute, be great.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

No seeds that we can sow will yield us such a beautiful and plentiful harvest as little thoughtful and gentle remembrances.

LEMONS cut in thin slices make a good garnish for broiled spring chicken. Another garnish, or more properly sauce, to be poured on the platter around the chicken, is made by melting currant jelly. Take it out of the jelly tumbler, put it into a bowl and set it over the top of a tea-kettle which is almost full of boiling water; in this way you escape all danger of burning it.

HATTIE HUTCHINSON'S PICKLED PEACHES.—Allow six pounds of peaches, three pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar; stick four or five cloves into each peach. Boil the vinegar and sugar together, and while boiling drop in a few peaches, when tender put them into jars; repeat until all are cooked; let the syrup boil up once or twice, and pour over them boiling hot.

A GOOD way to make use of old red table-cloths which are no longer suitable for the table, is to cut them in good-sized pieces and keep them in a drawer in the pantry, and on baking drys bring them forth to lay the warm bread, or cookies, or cakes upon. They may take the place of towels in many other ways and prove a substantial economy.

PLUMS.—Plums are excellent preserved in molasses, but if sugar is used take an equal portion of fruit and sugar; make a clear syrup and boil the fruit gently forty minutes; they will require heating over once if they are to be kept.

A conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.

ST. JOHN—"Ah, my dear, you can't make such mince pies as my mother used to make. Hers were delicious, so digestible, and made people feel so good."

Mrs. St. John—"Why, I have her recipe, and make them precisely the same way."

"Oh! there must be some mistake; something left out, perhaps."

"So there is; I forgot to tell you."

"I thought so, my dear; you see I am right, as usual. By the way, what ingredient was it you omitted?"

"The brandy."

A simple sunshine recorder is made by Professor Macleod by placing a globular bottle of water before a camera in such a position that the focused ray falls on a sheet of sensitized paper in the camera box. As the sun makes its daily journey it produces a curved white line on the paper, and when clouds cross the sun the line stops.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Wear a cheerful countenance. If your mirror won't smile on you, how can you expect anybody will?

See Here Young Man.

That girl of mine is twice as handsome since she commenced using Carboline, the Deodorized Extract of Petroleum, and I would not have her quit it for anything.

Courtesy of temper, when it is used to veil churlishness of deed, is but a knight's girdle around the breast of a base clown.

☞ A NEW SUIT.—Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Do not handle the truth carelessly, for fear you let it drop. Self-conceit has ruined some of our best men.

PUREST AND BEST COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

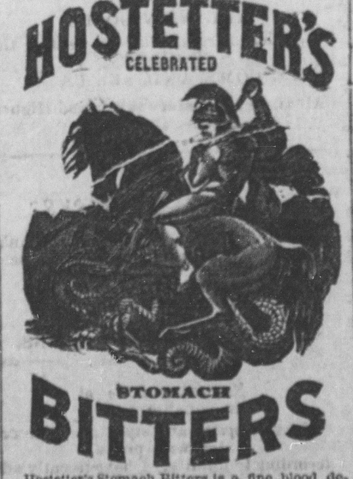
CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

True politeness is the last touch of a noble character. "It is the gold on the spire, the sun-light on the corn-field.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

When a misfortune happes to a friend look forward and endeavor to prevent the same thing from happening to yourself.



Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a fine blood depurent, a rational cathartic, and a superb anti-bilious specific. It rallies the failing energies of the debilitated, and checks premature decay. Fever and ague, bilious remittent, dyspepsia and bowel complaints are among the evils which it entirely removes. In tropical countries, where the liver and bowels are organs most unfavorably affected by the combined influence of climate, diet and water, it is a very necessary safeguard. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

46 394

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"

The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
83 Mercer Street, New York

25 c. EACH or 5 for $1., by mail, Hair Restorer, Voice Troches, Beauty Balm, Vigor Tonic, Beard Grower—Gilpares Co. Phila. Pa.

Catarrh in the Head

Originates in scrofulous taint in the blood. Hence the proper method by which to cure catarrh is to *purify the blood*, its many disagreeable symptoms, and the danger of developing into bronchitis or that terribly fatal disease, consumption, are entirely removed by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which cures catarrh by purifying the blood, and also tones up the system and greatly improves the general health of those who take it.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years; tried all the catarrh remedies without benefit, and was about to try a change of climate when I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would not take any money consideration for the good one bottle did me. Now I am not troubled any with catarrh."
I. W. LILLIS, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Martin Shields, a successful marketman of Chicago, derived help from Hood's Sarsaparilla. He says: "I have been troubled with that distressing complaint, catarrh, and I want to say that I have been using Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I find it one of the best remedies I have ever taken. My trouble has lasted ten years, and never before could I get any relief, never, until I commenced to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. I would recommend its use to all suffering with that complaint. It is truly an excellent medicine."

If you suffer from catarrh, however slightly, you are in danger, because the disease, if not attended to, will soon become chronic, affecting your general health, and may also develop into bronchitis or consumption. As catarrh is the result of impure blood it is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood, and gives the whole system health and strength. Thousands of people have been cured of catarrh by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I suffered three years with catarrh, and my general health was poor in consequence. When I took Hood's Sarsaparilla I found I had the right remedy. The catarrh is yielding, as Hood's Sarsaparilla is cleansing my blood, and the general tone of my system is improving."
FRANK WASHBURN, Rochester, N. Y.

Will Cure Catarrh.

"Having been a sufferer from catarrh for six or eight years, and having tried nearly all the wonderful sure cures, inhalers, etc., and spending nearly a hundred dollars without benefit, I accidently tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. The discharge from my nose was greatly increased the first bottle; then it gradually became less, and in taking less than three bottles I find myself greatly improved. Hood's Sarsaparilla will cure catarrh." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

HUMOROUS.

A MIDDLE AGED man, with what appeared to be a load on his mind, visited the Arctic steamer Thetis yesterday and was greatly interested in what he saw.

"Say," he said to the officer on deck, "I'd like to go on the next expedition."

"It's awful cold up there," remarked the officer discouragingly.

"I don't care for that."

"You'd have very little to eat, and you might starve to death."

"That wouldn't be pleasant," observed the visitor.

"I should say not," returned the officer. "And you might be eaten by your comrades."

"Is that so? That would be tough."

"And then," continued the officer, "you wouldn't see your wife for three years or possibly longer. You know you can't take her with you."

"Well," returned the old gentleman after a long pause, "I guess you can put my name down on your books. Your last argument captures me."

"I should think these campaign orators would get so tired!" said Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her husband the other night, as he was filling his torch preparatory to a parade.

"Well, I suppose they do; but then they have plenty of rest at night when they retire," replied the noble torch bearer.

"I should thing they would be so tired and anxious that they could not sleep."

"Oh, no, my dear; you are mistaken. If you ever heard one speak you would be convinced that they always lie easy."

JINKS—"Yes sir. I am a devoted angler, and why should I not be?"

Minks—"I'm sure I don't know,"

"I consider it a noble duty to popularize fish diet. It is not only nutricious, but cheap. Why, just think; the other day with a fifty cent tackle and bait that cost nothing at all I caught $50 worth of fish in half an hour. Besides, you know, fish is the best brain food to be found."

"Yes, I have noticed that fishermen always have a very lively imagination."

THE recent outrage by a New York Central Park policeman has given a start to an entirely new trade.

"Just before a stranger reaches the entrance to the Park a sharp looking man touches the visitor on the arm and says:

"I can fix it up in a minute for you. I've got a stylographic pen and you will feel much better as soon as it is over."

"What are you talking about?"

"I am a lawyer, and want to write your will. You ain't going into that Park where those policemen are without making your will, are you?"

AN undertaker came into the house looking despondent, and presently tears welled into his eyes.

"What is the mattter?" asked his wife. "Something gone wrong at the office?"

"You knew that Dr. B. had been sick for a day or two?"

"Yes."

"He died this morning."

THUS talks an old farmer about his boys: "From sixteen to twenty they knew more than I did; at twenty-five they knew as much; at thirty they were willing to hear what I had to say; at thirty-five they asked my advice; and I think when they get to be forty will actually acknowledge that the old man does know something."

PROF. MILNE, of Japan, says that "last season was a comparatively poor one for earthquakes." He doesn't state whether they were planted too many in a hill, or the crop was damaged by the drouth, or the floods rotted the seeds; but we will attribute their failure to the stump orators.

"THAT young man you recommended to me as a clerk hasn't got a particle of business talent," said a Galveston merchant to a friend.

"No, of course he hasn't. If he had had any capacity, he would not have needed my recommendation. I thought you had sense enough to understand that."

"BEFORE marriage," she pouted, "you used to speak of my beautiful auburn locks; but now you call me redheaded."

"My dear," replied the heartless man, "marriage opens the eyes. Before that event I was color-blind."

"How SILENT the stars are to-night, George," she said softly, gazing at them over his shoulder.

"Yes," he replied, "but do you think they are any more silent than usual?"

THIS is the time of the year that the average insurance company becomes jealous of the grocer who gives a chromo to every purchaser of a pound of coffee, and gets up a calendar that just knocks the sanguinary glamour off a blazing Autumn forest, and gives it away right and left so rapidly that in three weeks there isn't one left. The calendar is not so much of a success as a thing of beauty as it is in keeping a man from forgetting when the rent is due, and preventing him from absent-mindedly leaving the office without his salary.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.

"I was taken sick a year ago
With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in back and sides, and I got so bad I

Could not move!

I shrunk!

From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life." R. FITZPATRICK. *Dublin, June 6, '81.*

CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass.; Feb. 1, 1880. Gentlemen—I suffered with attacks of sick Headache."

Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner.

No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters.

"The first bottle

Nearly cured me;"

The second made me as well and strong as when a child,

"And I have been so to this day."

My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious

"Kidney, liver and urinary complaint,

"Pronounced by Boston's best physicians—

"Incurable!"

Seven bottles of your Bitters cured him and I know of the

"Lives of eight persons"

In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters,

And many more are using them with great benefit.

"They almost

Do miracles!" —*Mrs. E. D. Slack.*

HOW TO GET SICK.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know *how to get well*, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters!

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Hale's Honey
OF
Horehound and Tar

FOR PERSONS OF ALL AGES. A WONDERFUL CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, BRONCHITIS, AND CONSUMPTION. IT BANISHES COUGHS (acute or chronic) and BREAKS UP COLDS like magic. IT CURES, in fact, where other remedies have failed.

Keep it in readiness. Of all Druggists at **50c.** and $1—largest, cheapest. LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS. **Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.** German Corn Remover kills Corns and Bunions.

..LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S..
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common * * * * * * to our best * * * * * *
FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.

*Its purpose is solely for the *legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.* * It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. * * * * * *

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 26, 1884.

ELECTRICITY'S DEADLY WORK.

[Mexico Two Republics.]

A shocking tragedy occurred the other Sunday night in the Zocalo where the beautiful concert pavilion has been erected for the festivities of All Saints' and All Souls' days. One life was lost and three men were so seriously injured that life in their case was despaired of. It was a case of peculiar interest. A man known as Pantaleon Estrada, a worker in guitars, tying a stone to the end of an ordinary wire threw it over the electric wire. Estrada immediately fell dead in his tracks. The contact of the two wires killed him. A policeman standing by and a street-car conductor had much of their clothing burned off and were themselves so seriously injured that their lives tremble in the balance. The electric current effected others also more or less. The scene succeeding the tragedy was demoralizing For a moment the dumb terror of seeing strong men totter and fall as if struck by some invisible hand held the crowd spellbound. Succeeding the terrorized apathy came a wild crush for life. Fortunately exits were plentiful, and to that was due the fact that many were not stamped to death.

John Herbert, of the Electric Light company, mounted a ladder with a silk handkerchief in hand to remove the wire thrown by the unfortunate Estrada. The rain was falling heavily at the time, but he did not notice that the handkerchief was becoming damp. He applied it to the wire to remove it and received himself a severe shock that threw him from the ladder. Falling to the stone pavement, his head was cut open. He will recover, however. The police believe that Estrada represented a gang of pickpockets and thieves and that his object in throwing the wire was to extinguish the electric lights and give his pals a chance to operate. Whether that is so or not is not known, for he who could have told had his lips burned to silence.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTER.

"In the winter of 1877-8, I was confined to the house 3 or 4 months and to the bed 4 weeks with rheumatism. I could get no relief. I began using Henry and Johnsons' Arnica & Oil Liniment, and in ten days by the use of half a bottle I was cured.

NATHAN JEWETT, East Haddam, Ct."

BAXTER'S Mandrake Bitters cure all diseases arising from biliousness. N. H. Down's Vegetable Balsamic Elixir cures coughs, colds and consumption. nov

SUFFERINGS OF GEN. SHIELDS.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

"Would you like to see the mate to the ball which passed through the General in the Mexican war?" Mrs. Shields asked. In the response to an affirmative she brought out a grape shot, not like the more modern messenger of destruction, but a great iron ball, with a deep ragged fringe, showing rude casting. It measured full three inches in circumference. This was picked up on the battle-field by an aide of Gen. Scott's. The shot which struck the General entered below the heart, passed through the lung and came out under the shoulder-blade. A surgeon on the Mexican side, who found him, took a silk handkerchief, and, following the course of the wound, drew it entirely through the body. So certain were the medical men that he could not recover that the official report sent on to Washington included Shields among the dead.

"In all the years of our married life," said Mrs Shields, "I don't think I ever knew him to have one whole night of sleep, undisturbed by that wound. He would get up out of bed and walk the floor by the hour. He was not a man to complain, and very few people knew what he suffered—he could stand so much. After he was wounded in the Mexican war they wanted to cut his left arm off; it had begun to mortify. He told them no. Then they said the only thing that could possibly save him was to cut in and scrape the bone. He told them to do it, and went through the operation without taking chloroform. In the last war his right arm and shoulder were badly hurt by fragments of a shell, and he had much trouble with them. He could never lie on that side. You might think a man who had gone through such sufferings himself would get callous toward the feelings of others, but he didn't. It was not once, but many a time, I have seen him take a mouse that had fallen into a basin of water, and dry the little thing carefully, and let it go, he was so tender-hearted."

SINGULAR POLITICAL COINCIDENCE.

[Charleston News and Courier.]

Senator Brown, of Georgia, in a speech at Atlanta said that the 6,000,000 colored people in the Southern states give those states about 37 Representatives in the House and Gov. Cleveland's majority over Blaine in the Electoral College is 37, the number of votes which the Southern States gain by the enfranchisement of the colored people. Without those votes the total electoral vote would be 364 and a majority would be 182, which is the Blaine vote exactly. The political power which was intended to fortify Blaineism and save it from political harm is the means of its undoing. Once again the whirligig of time brings its revenge. The vote of the Southern States is the safeguard of the Republic.

THE DROUGHT IN VIRGINIA.

Petersburg, Nov. 17.—The drought of the last few months remains unbroken. In some of the upper counties springs and streams are still drying up. The drought is a great drawback to farmers who, in consequence of the dry and hard condition of the ground, are unable to plow their lands. For more than a month the water in the city reservoir has been so low that only one-half of the citizens have been supplied from that source, the other half being furnished from the river.

THE TROUBLE SAFELY OVER.

Stomach trouble is serious business while it lasts; but what a blessed relief to have it depart! Mrs. F. G. Wells, of 19 Atlantic street, Hartford, Conn., writes that she tried Brown's Iron Bitters for stomach trouble, and that she experienced such relief that the trouble is now entirely over. She recommends this great iron medicine to all who are afflicted. It cures liver and kidney complaint.

THE ACTOR WHO DOESN'T SWEAR.

"No," said a young actor who had been talking to a little group of companions and using a good many oaths in his conversation, "no, all people who play are not profane. At least I know one actor who doesn't swear. He is George C. Miln, the ex-preacher. I played third witch in "Macbeth" in his company one night in St. Paul. Burleigh played Macbeth and Miln played Macduff. When we witches went out in the caldron scene we were fixed up in first-class style, and we did the whole business as nice any three witches ever did. But when it came time for the caldron to sink into the earth the trap-door stuck fast and the old soap kettle tipped over sidewise and spilled all the torpedoes and green fire and things all over the floor. The stage got into a blaze, somebody shouted 'Fire!' and the audience began to get frightened. Burleigh stood in the wings, swearing like a trooper, but Miln just stood around looking mad, and saying 'Oh, dear!' I got to laughing and so did the other witches. Somebody turned on the gas and showed the whole thing to the audience. The audience yelled with laughter, and Burleigh swore worse than ever, but Miln didn't to do any swearing. Then another time in Kansas City I was playing the secretary to Miln's Richelieu. I dressed for the part in a hurry and didn't take time to put on stage shoes. I had on a long robe and thought I was all right. So I advanced to the front of the stage, struck an attitude and began to look as picturesque as I could. Richelieu was in the middle of a long speech when some fellow in the gallery out: 'Get onto his nobs in the light-topped shoes!' That broke the audience up and spoiled the speech. But Miln didn't swear any—he only looked mad. Any other actor would have sworn under his breath for five minutes."

BYRON IN EXILE.

Lord Malmesbury, whose title until his father's death in 1841 was Lord Fitzharris, gives a very amusing account of his visits to country houses, of his foreign travels, and of the friendships he made after leaving Oxford. At Rome he saw much of the Countess Guiccioli, who—Byron having died five years before—"had got over her grief for the loss of her poet, and liked to talk of him and his eccentricities." In reference to "Don Juan" "she told me that he wrote all the last cantos on play-bills (some of which I saw myself), or on any odd piece of paper at hand, and with repeated glasses of gin-punch at his side. He then used to rush out of his room to read to her what he had written, making many alterations, and laughing immoderately. She was very proud and fond of him, but described him as having a very capricious temper, and with nothing of the passion which pervades his poetry, and which he was in the habit of ridiculing—in fact, with a cold temperament. With all his abuse of England, he insisted on keeping up old customs in small things, such as having hot cross buns on Good Friday and roast goose on Michaelmas Day. This last fancy led to a grotesque result. After buying a goose and fearing it might be too lean, he fed it every day for a month previously, so that the poet and the bird became so mutually attached that when September 29th arrived he could not kill it, but bought another, and had the pet goose swung in a cage under his carriage so that after four years he was moving about with four geese."

THE GULF STREAM.

The Gulf Stream, which, if not the most extensive, is at least the best known of all currents, has justly been styled the most beautiful oceanic river in existence. Its course has always puzzled philosophers. After passing round the Gulf of Mexico, it rushes out into the Atlantic with very considerable force between Florida and the West India Islands. On entering Florida Strait from the Gulf of Mexico, its rate is from sixty to one hundred miles per day, and, on leaving the "Narrows," from seventy to one hundred and twenty miles. When the extension of the Gulf Stream drift passes between the British Islands and Iceland, it moves only with an average rate of five miles a day—a rate which would occupy upwards of three months to carry its waters from the south-western extremity of England to the north of Scotland. In its earlier stages the stream is known by its clear blue waters and accompanying fair weather. On passing Cape Hatteras it increases in width, and, when skirting the southern edge of the Grand Banks of Newfounland, if proceeds with diminished velocity and temperature. In the vicinity of Halifax and Newfoundland it meets the waters of the cold Arctic current which is setting to the southward, and these waters run side by side without mixing, the line of separation sometimes being so sharp that a difference of temperature amounting to 33° Fahrenheit has been observed within the distance of a few ships'-lengths.

"How is your husband to-day, Mrs. Jones?" "He is very ill indeed." "Worse than he was?" "Oh, yes, the nurse says he is beyound the reach of doctors, now." "I'm glad to hear it." "What? What?" "I'm glad to hear it Now, if you can only keep him beyond their reach I think he will get well rapidly."

——Our black silk at 70 cts, $1, $1.10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

CAPITAL PUNCH.

A huge punch bowl is to be found in almost every house in Washington, and punch-making has become a fine art. One of the most famous punch-makers was the late Charles Astor Bristed. His punches were neither too strong nor too weak. In other words, one glass would not make you drunk, neither were you obliged to drink several gallons in order to reach a point of exhilaration. This point of exhilaration is the place to stop drinking. Daniel Webster Punch is a complicated drink that calls for whiskey, rum, champagne, arrack, maraschino, green tea, lemons, sugar and a very little water. A party of distinguished Scotch gentlemen, who were in the city not long ago, during their stay were invited to visit the private residence of a prominent gentleman. During the evening a light collation was served in the dining-room and a huge punch-bowl was set out. The head of the party, a Scotchman, who at home occupies the position of provost in his native town, stepped up and tasted the punch, and, turning to an acquaintance, said: "That seems very light; I think it would take a man a long time to get drunk on that." This cool liquor glided very easily down the provost's throat, and a second glass followed. Pausing before beginning a third glass, he engaged in conversation for a moment, then he shook his head, and said, "I don't see what is the matter with me." His eyes became half shut, and as he stepped forward he nearly lost his balance. Turning in the most surprised fashion, he looked at the punch-bowl and said: "Do you know, I think that drink is very inseedious. What is it made of?" His friend replied, "Whiskey, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons and a little water." The Scotchman understood at once what was the matter.

INTERNATIONAL ERRORS.

They have been mostly connected with Biblical matters, and intended to further party interests. It is said that Field, a printer of the time of Charles I., was paid £1,500 by the Independents to alter a single letter in the third verse of Acts, vi., so as to make the word "we" read "ye," and so as to give the right of appointing pastors to the people, and not to the apostles. The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realized from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach at Paul's Cross, asked at a stationer's for a copy of the Bible; and on examining it found, to his astonishment, that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book! The well known "Vinegar Bible" was published in 1717, and obtains its name from the Parable of the Vineyard being printed as the Parable of the Vinegar. One of the most willful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpetrator her life, was committed by the widow of a German printer. One night, while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house, she took the opportunity of altering the word Herr into Narr, making the verse read: "he shall be thy fool," instead of "he shall be thy lord." The celebrated Bibles of Sixtus V. Their sole fame is the multitude of errata which crowd their pages, notwithstanding that his Holiness Sixtus V. carefully superintended every sheet as it passed through the press, and finally prefixed to the first edition a bull forbidding any alteration in the text.

HOW TO REDUCE FAT.

Dr. Schweninger, of Munich, has discovered a new mode of reducing the bulk of the human frame. It is never to eat and drink at the same time, but to let two hours intervene. He has, it is said, cured Prince Bismarck of a tendency to obesity in this way. Fat people have now their choice between four systems: 1. The original Banting, which consists of eating nothing containing starch, sugar or fat. 2. The German Banting, which allows fat but forbids sugar or starch. 3. A Munich system, which consists of being clothed in wool, and sleeping in flannel blankets instead of sheets. 4. Not eating and drinking at the same time. In Huxley's "Elements of Physiology" he divides foods into proteids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, and which consists of gluten, albumen, blood serum, fibrin, synotonin, casein, gelatin and chondrin; fats, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and consist of all fatty matters and oils; amyloids, which are composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and consist of starch, dextine, sugar and gum, and minerals, which consist of water and sundry alkalis, earths and metals.

HIBERNICISMS.

"I like action," remarked a candid Celt, "but I hate work." This is a home truth of the widest application to the Irish character. Among specical Celtic characteristics, which it is my aim to illustrate, I would give a prominent place to the power of apology. "It was not the dthrop I had taken," said a Kerry peasant charged with being drunk and disorderly, "but I had a shmoke out of a neighbor's pipe, and that loaned upon me."

As a man is known by his company, so a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself.

Ebony and Mahogany curtain poles with elegant brass trimmings, only 75 cents, at the Bee Hive.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 45 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
"	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
	(Sunday Train.		
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 45 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 35 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 20 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 15 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	5 45 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMP'T AC'N	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 55 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m

Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE	MAIL leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 50 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passger Agent

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFCT NOV. 17, 1884. Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1 A.M.	3 A.M.	5 A.M.	7 P.M.	9 P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.35	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.35	
Mifflinburg	8.00 ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			leg.00	
Mimont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.33			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.30				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2 A.M.	4	6	8	10 P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.30			3.40
Mimont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.13
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.13
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar. 5.40	ar. 9.10	ar. 10.10	ar. 1.20	ar. 5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. F PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

New Arrival of Goods AT NEW STORE!

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

LOW PRICES!

HARPER & KREAMER, Centre Hall,

Have just opened in one of Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,

—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES, HARDWARE, OILS AND PAINTS, GLASSWARE, QUENNSWARE, GROCERIES, COFFEES, SUGARS, TEAS, FISH SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS, EVERYTHING

KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.

ALL NEW GOODS,

We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.

COME AND SEE US.

All kinds of Produce taken, and Highest Market Prices Paid.

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CARRIAGE WORKS

CENTRE HALL, Centre Co., Penn'a Where are kept on hand and for sale.

——BUGGIES, ——PHAETONS, ——SPRING WAGONS, ——&c., ——&c.

Repairing done at Reasonable rates.

Buggy Tops of any style made to order, with prices according to quality. I have recently added HORSE SHOEING to the smith department, under the supervision of a very skilled and obliging blacksmith

19dec1 LEVI MURRAY.

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE NEW BOOK,

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The great collection of the most thrilling personal adventures on both sides during the Great Civil War. Thrilling interesting accounts of exploits of scouts and spies; battle pages, heroic bravery, imprisonments and hair-breadth escapes, romantic incidents, hand-to-hand struggles, humorous and tragic events, perilous journeys, bold dashes, brilliant successes and magnanimous actions on each side the line. 70 chapters, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED to the life. No other book at all like it. Outsells everything. Address, STANDARD PUB. HOUSE, 319 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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To the Front with Seasonable Goods. Our SPRING Supplies are NOW IN and we would be pleased to have you Call and Examine.

OUR DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT Cannot be beat in Quality and Prices, especially in Domestics.

We know we can do you good in SHIRTINGS, — MUSLINS TICKS, GINGHAMS, &c., &c.

A HOST OF BARGAINS IN DRESS GOODS, FLANELS, &c., PRINTS, &c.

A SPLENDID LINE OF

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Our SUMMER Supply of MEN'S AND BOYS' BOOTS & SHOES, CHILDREN'S SHOES, with a full and complete line of LADIE'S WEAR now in and ready for examination. Cheap! Cheap! GROCERIES, FRESH AND PURE, ALWAYS on hand, at prices which will compete with any other house for the same quality and style of goods.

CALL EARLY TO SEE OUR GOODS,

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ONE 40 HORSE POWER.
TWO 25 " "
ONE 18 " "

THOROUGHLY OVERHAULED AND IN GOOD RUNNING ORDER.

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23ap tf WM. P. DUNCAN & CO.

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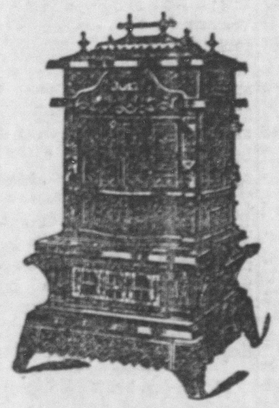

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The Cheapest Stoves

IN THE COUNTY. HIS PRICES ARE DOWN TO ROCK BOTTOM, SO THAT IT WILL PAY NO ONE TO PURCHASE STOVES ELSEWHERE.

☞CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF octtf

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JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO. JAS. A. HARRIS, & CO.

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REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPER SECTIONS AND REAPERS, REAPERS,

And all kinds of Farming Tools, RAKES, FORKS, SCYTHES, ROPE BLOCKS SPROUTS HAY FORKS, &c.

—AS WELL AS ALL KINDS OF HARDWARE. TO MEET THE DEMANDS IN THIS LINE.

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(Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. It is not a truss.)

Ad dress Dr. C. L. LaBARGE, Fraser's and Physician in Charge Peyser Bros. & Dr. Butts' Institute, 270 Bowery, cor. St. Marks Pl. Successor to Dr. Butts' Dispensary. Established 30 Years.

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JOHN BLAIR LYON, Attorney-at-Law, Office on Allegheny street, Bellefont. feb 1f

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte

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JOHN KLINE, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, BELLEFONTE, PA Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7m'y84

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney-at-Law Collections promtly made and special attention given to those having lands or property for sale. Will draw up and have acknowledged Deeds, Mortgages bonds &c. Bellefonte, Pa.

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DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

Hotels.

BUSH HOUSE. W. R. Teller, proprietor, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to country trade. june16y

CUMMINGS HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA. EMANUEL BROWN, Proprietor. The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial 28june tf

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE. BROCKERHOFF HOUSE, ALLEGHENY ST., BELLEFONTE, PA G. G. McMILLEN, Prop'r. Good Sample Rooms on First Floor. ☞Free Buss to and from all trains. Special rates to witnesses and jurors. 8jun

CENTRE HALL HOTEL. D. J. MEYER, Prop'r. FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRANSIENT CUSTOM. Good Table, healthy locality, pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

IRVIN HOUSE, LOCK HAVEN, PA. S. WOODS CALDWELL, Proprietor. Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

SPRING MILLS HOUSE. On L. & T. R. R. FINE SUMMER RESORT. Fine Fishing and Hunting—Romantic Mountain and Valley Scenery. Healthy Locality. TERMS REASONABLE. J. H. BIBBY.....Proprietor SPRING MILLS, CENTRE COUNTY, PA may1

J. C. BOAL, Justice of the Peace and Conveyancer, Centre Hall, Pa. Office in Penns Valley Bank building. may7 y

J. D. MURRAY, Centre Hall, Pa., Dealer in DRUGS, popular Patent Medicines Whiskey, Brandy, Wine, and Holland Gin kept and sold for medicinal purposes only. Store open every day in the week. may7 tf

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., BELLEFONTE, PENN'A. Receive Deposits and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities; Gold and Coupons. JAS. A. BEAVER, President. J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier.

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BOND VALENTINE, Buys and sells Real Estate on fair commission; Insures First-class Life Companies, " " Life and Accident Companies, " " Fire Companies. German, English and American. Combined capital, $15,000,000. Office in Bush Arcade, over Valentine's store, Bellefonte, Pa. 23apy

CONFECTIONERY and EATING HOUSE, at SEARFASS' ROOMS Bush's block. Meals at all hours from early to late trains. Lunch without coffee 10 cts., Lunch with coffee 15 cents Regular meals 25 cts. Oysters in all style

J. ZELLER & SON, DRUGGISTS, Bellefonte, Pa. Dealer In DRUGS, DRUGS CHEMICALS, PERFUMERY, FANCY GOODS, &c Pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes always kept

If you want good shoulder braces, suitable for ladies and gentlemen, and at reasonable prices, go to the Centre Hall drug store. J. D. MURRAY, 11jun tf Druggist.

DO YOU KNOW THAT

—LORILLARD'S CLIMAX— PLUG TOBACCO

with Red Tin Tag; Rose Leaf Fine Cut Chewing Navy Clippings, and Black, Brown and Yellow SNUFFS are the best and cheapest, quality considered? dec7y.

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Fall Term begins September 10, 1884.
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This institution is located in one of the most beautiful and healthy spots of the entire Allegheny region. It is open to both sexes, and offers the following Courses of Study:

1 A Full Scientific Course of Four Years.
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3 The following SPECIAL COURSES, of two years each following the first two years of the Scientific Course (a) AGRICULTURE: (b) NATURAL HISTORY; (c) CHEMISTRY AND PHYSICS; (d) CIVIL ENGINEERING.
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7 A new Special Course (two years) in Literature and Science, for Young Ladies.
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9 SPECIAL COURSES are arranged to meet the wants of individual students.

Military drill is required. Expenses for board and incidentals very low. Tuition free. Young ladies under charge of competent lady Principal. For Catalogues, or other information, address

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Eclectric Oil!

WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD!

A Medicine with curative properties as impossible to counterfeit as the PYRAMIDS OF EGYPT, and which is now having an enormous sale throughout the United States and Canadas.

SCRANTON, PA.
During the past two years I have used bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for sprains, bruises, cuts, burns and Rheumatics. It always cures. —M.L. Blair, Ald. Fifth Ward, Nov. 9, 1883.

GRAYVILLE, ILLS.
In cases of Croup, Thomas' Eclectric Oil never fails to cure. It cured me of a very bad Ulcerated Sore Throat.—C.R. Hall, Grayville, Ill.

LOWELL, MASS.
I was badly afflicted with Bronchitis and an affection of the throat. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured me.—Oliver J. Belle Isle, 23 East Merrimack Street.

DAVENPORT, IOWA.
As a remedy for Catarrh Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil stands at the top. It cured me, and I believe will cure any case. Edw. S. Rowley, 222 West 12th Street.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

HELP FOR Women WHO ARE NERVOUS AND LACK VITAL ENERGY.

The HOWARD GALVANIC SHIELD and our other Electro Galvanic and Magnetic Appliances cure Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Rheumatism, Loss of Vital Energy, Overworked Brain, Lame Back, Kidney, Liver, Stomach Complaints, Male and Female Weakness, etc., etc. They are the very latest improvements; different from belts, pads, girdles and other devices. They positively generate continuous currents, without acids, causing no irritation of the skin. Can be worn at work as well as at rest—only serviceable to the wearer. Power regulated to meet the different stages of all diseases. Those for Men only at once reach the seat of disease as they bet. electrify upon the Nervous, Muscular and Generative Centres, speedily restoring vitality—which is Electricity—drained from the system by excesses or indiscretions, and thus in a natural way overcome all weakness without drugging the stomach. We furnish absolute proof to support our claims in our Illustrated Pamphlet, entitled "THREE TYPES OF MEN," for MEN ONLY, also one for LADIES ONLY, free, or sent sealed for 4 cents postage.

PRICES from $4 upwards. Every appliance warranted as represented, or money returned.

AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., 1103 Chestnut St., Philada., Pa.

Ask for at Murray's Drug store.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING NEW HOME Sewing Machine

Simple Strong Swift Sure

PERFECT IN EVERY PARTICULAR. HAS NO EQUAL NEVER OUT OF ORDER.

NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
30 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK.
CHICAGO ILL. ORANGE MASS. ATLANTA GA.
FOR SALE BY

J. Q. A. Kennedy, Centre Hall, Ag't.

Millheim Planing Mill.

Furnishes and Keeps on Hand
SASH, DOORS,
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MOULDING OF ALL KINDS,
STAIR-RAILING,
&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.
Terms Reasonable, and all Orders Promptly attended to.
23jly ISRAEL CONFER & SON

CANDLE SUPERSTITIONS.

So far as number is concerned, the most numerous class of superstitions is composed of those which cluster round the family candles. The origin of these probably dates far back in antiquity, when the world was full of superstitious fancies about light in general and candle light in particular. When we come down to the early days of the Christian Church, however, we find that not a few of the ordinances of religion were accompanied by ceremonies borrowed from paganism, in which lighted candles played an important part. Candles were lighted at birth to keep off evil spirits, at marriage to prevent the evil eye from affecting the happy pair, and at death to drive away the demons who were thought to be always on lookout for the soul of the dying man. Naturally then, as candles played so important a part in the ceremonies of religion, men became accustomed to regard them with something of a superstitious eye and to look to them for signs and wonders which were not to be elsewhere found. So a peculiar appearance in the candle, for for which no reason could be given, was always regarded as something indicative of some remarkable thing about to happen. A collection of tallow round the wick is still known as a winding-sheet, and is believed to foretell the death of one of the family, while a bright spark is a sign of the future reception of a letter by the person opposite whom the spark is situated, and the waving of the flame without any apparent cause is supposed to demonstrate the presence of a spirit in the room. In addition to these fanciful notions there are some others which are founded on natural facts too well known to admit of dispute, such as the refusal of the candle to light readily, which indicates a state of atmosphere favorable to a coming storm.

CRIMES OF VIOLENCE IN INDIA.

According to the report of the Superintendent of the Thuggee and Dacoity Department, there has been a great increase in the number of crimes of violence since 1880, especially in Central India, Hyderabad and Rajpootana. In 1880 the total number of cases reported was 146; in 1881, 244; in 1882, 315, and last year, 368. The number of dacoits or gang robbers was estimated last year at 13,186, and the value of the property stolen at 5,080,140 rupees. These figures, which are furnished for the most part by the governments of the Native States, are believed to be considerably under the real mark. Twelve cases of theft after drugging were reported, 20 persons being drugged, of whom four died from the effects of the poison and one was murdered while insensible. Convictions were obtained in only three cases of drugging, and out of the large number of dacoite reported, only 218 were arrested and 41 convicted. The figures clearly prove the necessity for such systems of police reform throughout the whole of India as that to which attention was drawn a few days ago. The dacoits and thugs for the most part reside in the Native States, whence they make frequent raids into British territory. They form regular tribes, one of the most notorious of which is the Baori tribe in Rajpootana, every man of this race being brought up as a robber. The association has complete organization and possesses bold and skillful leaders, and its members are masters of the art of disguising themselves. Other tribes likewise have an organization scarcely inferior to this.

SCOTCH WHISKY AND IMAGINATION.

The late Allan Pinkerton, the Scottish-American detective, had a company of gentlemen at his country seat near Chicago one cold Winter day a few years ago. For an hour he took them about his place, showing them what was to be seen, and when at length they returned to the house they were thoroughly chilled.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I want you to try some of this old Scotch whisky," and his guests partook freely of the proffered liquor.

The he invited them into the library, where there was a large gas-burner stove apparently glowing with heat. The party seated themselves round it, holding out their benumbed hands to catch the warmth. Here they chatted for a time, when suddenly Mr. Pinkerton remarked:

"It strikes me that stove doesn't send out much heat. How do you feel?"

They all replied that they felt delightfully warm, and suggested that the stove door be opened. Mr. Pinkerton acted on the suggestion, and, to the astonishment of his guests, revealed two lighted candles resting upon a large block of ice as the only contents of the stove.

"See, gentlemen," said he, "what a vivid imagination and a little Scotch whisky will do."

A little Columbus girl who had always attended the Episcopal Church, and had never remained through the service, stayed this Summer through it at a well-known Congregational church in Massachusetts. It was communion Sunday, and little Julia viewed the proceedings with great wonder. After a time she said in a whisper to her sister, who sat next to her: "Will there be ice-cream?"

Ladies' Russian circulars, dolmans newmarkets and plush coats, in every considerable shape, at the Bee Hive.

TWO YANKEE TRICKS.

A Yankee performing a journey through the back countries on foot saw two horses in a field as he passed along, one of which he determined to borrow for a few miles, as he was feeling very weary. Accordingly, writing in pencil on a slip of paper that he would leave the beast at the next town on the road, he tied the note to one horse's forelock, and mounting the other with merely a halter for bridle, rode off with him. This transaction happening to be observed, an alarm was given to the owner of the animals, who, saddling the remaining one, without paying any attention to the note attached to its leg, rode away after the unknown borrower, or, as he considered him, perhaps, thief. Unluckly for the Yankee, he was mounted on a slow traveler compared with the steed he had left behind, and he soon descried with some consternation a rider behind urging a powerful beast along the road at full speed, evidently in pursuit of him. Having neither whip nor spur, he found it a difficult matter to impel the horse he rode beyond its usual pace, and his pursuer, therefore, had every chance of coming up with him directly. At this moment he perceived a cottage by the roadside at no great distance, toward which, by blows and kicks, he urged his steed somewhat faster, the former gaining on him nevertheless at every step.

Reaching the door he dismounted and went in. The farmer riding up immediately after in a tremendous passion, threw himself off his horse, leaving it by the side of its fellow, and ran into the cottage to seize and secure the thief. The Yankee, however, was prepared for him. Having slipped up stairs, he opened the front window which looked out upon the road, and as the farmer ran into the house let himself down outside, mounted the saddled horse, seized the other by the halter and rode off securely with both.

The hero of the second story was at least as ingenious. A new liquor warehouse opening at Boston on a ready-money and low-price system, Jonathan walked in one day with a two-gallon keg on his shoulder, and asked for a gallon of the best brandy. The liquor having been poured through a funnel into his keg, the money was demanded. Pertending ignorance of their mode of doing business, the Yankee said he would pay the next time he came into town. The shopman demurred, saying that he did not intend to give any credit.

"But," asked the Yankee, in mock surprise, "do you intend to take back the brandy?"

"To be sure," replied the other." if you don't pay for it."

"Then," said he, "you must bring your measure, for I have some liquor of my own in the keg."

This was done, a gallon of the contents measured back, and the fellow marched off with another gallon of fine grog, having half-filled his keg beforehand with water!

A BANK OF ENGLAND STORY.

I have heard that a note for ten thousand pounds once had a singular history. It was paid out to one of the directors of the bank, who soon after lost it under such circumstances that he was satisfied and succeeded in satisfying the bank, that it had fallen into his fireplace and been destroyed. He was given a new note, for which he returned a proper recipt and guarantee. Many years after the original note was presented for payment; the bank endeavored to disown it, but could not, for it was genuine and in the hands of an innocent person, and the bank had to pay it. Its history was then looked into, and it was ascertained that, instead of being burned it had been carried up the chimney by a draught, and had found a safe lodgement in some cranny in the flue. Here it had remained until alterations in the house necessitated the removal of the chimney; then it was discovered by a workman, who regarded it as a legitimate find, and who at once presented it for payment.

Right here may as well relate another story of the bank, of which there are many, both in print and as legends, but of which I will let these two serve as specimens. A sewer workman while poking around under ground that by raising a flagstone he could penetrate into the bullion room of the bank. Amazed at the discovery, he pondered over it and finally concluded that he would utilize it to his pecuniary benefit without stealing. He therefore wrote to the directors asking what reward he would receive if he should meet them at any appointed hour of the night in the bullion room, and thus reveal to them a mode of ingress of which they were entirely ignorant. They named a sum which would make him independent for life; and to their overwhelming surprise he kept his promise by popping up through the sewer, for which he received ten thousand pounds or so. This is supposed to have happened long ago.

JAPANESE WOMEN.

In Japan, as in America, the gentle sex monopolize most of the attention of society, while their unfortunate brothers are left to struggle for themselves. This discrimination begins early in life, but it is the Japanese custom to give baby girls the names of delicate and lovely plants or flowers, while the boys are simply numbered, and are known as First-boy, Second-boy, and so on.

Cold feet—two feet of same. Bad cold—one settled on the lungs. Good cure—Dr. Kessler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine.

THE YEAR IN THE PATENT OFFICE.

Washington, Nov. 17.—In his report to the Secretary of the Interior of the business of the Patent Office for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1884, the Commissioner of Patents, Benj. Butterworth, submits the following statement:

Number of applications for patents received, 35,204; number of applications for designed patents received, 1,322; number of applications for reissue patents received, 244; number of applications for registration of trademarks, 1,077; number of applications for registration of labels, 975; total, 38,822. Number of caveats filed, 2,672; number of patents granted, including reissues and designs, 22,822; number of trademarks registered, 903; number of labels registered, 833; total, 24,558. Number of patents withheld for non-payment of final fees, 24,613; number of patents expired, 10,230. The receipts from all sources were $1,145,433, an increase of $49,548 over the receipts during the preceding year. The expenditures, including printing, were $901,413, leaving a surplus of 244,019. The increase during the year 1884 over the number of applications for patents, designs, etc., received during the preceding year was 3,088. The number of applications awaiting action by the office June 30, '84, was 9,186, an increase of 5,087 over the accumulated applications at the end of the preceding year.

Superior Excellence.

The reasons for PERUNA'S superior excellence in all diseases, and its *modus operandi*, are fully explained in Dr. Hartman's lecture, reported in his book on the "Ills of Life and How to Cure Them," from page 1 to page 10 though the whole book should be read and studied to get the full value of this *par excellent* remedy. These books can be had at all the drug stores gratis.

W. D. Williams, U. S. Pension Agent and Notary Public, New Vienna, Clinton County, Ohio, writes: "I take great pleasure in testifying to your medicines. I have used about one bottle and a half, and can say I am almost a new man. Have had the catarrh about twenty years. Before I knew what it was, had settled on the lungs and breast, but can now say I am almost well. Was in the army; could get no medicine there that would relieve me."

Col. E. Finger, Ashland, Ohio, writes: "I am happy to say I have used several bottles of your medicine called PERUNA, and my health has been greatly improved by it. I cheerfully recommend PERUNA to all who suffer with heart trouble, as being an invaluable medicine."

Rev. J. M. Ingling, Altamont, Ill., writes: "My father-in-law, who resides with me has been using your PERUNA for kidney disease, which has afflicted him for forty years and could get no relief until he saw your medicine. I induced him to try a bottle, which he did, and the one bottle of PERUNA and one bottle of MANALIN has given him more relief than all the other medicines he ever used."

Mr. Robert Grimes, Rendville, Ohio, writes: "My wife has been an intense sufferer from chronic catarrh, and after every other remedy had failed she commenced to use your PERUNA and MANALIN. They have helped my dear wife more than anything she has ever used. She has now taken two bottles, and is so much better that she will never quit its use until she is entirely well. It has wonderfully improved her sight. We think PERUNA and MANALIN will cure any disease."

R. Palmer, Pastor of the A. M. E. Church, No. 192 Canal Street, Wilkesbarre Luzerne Co., Pa., writes: "Having used your PERUNA, and by experience became acquainted with its value, I write asking you to please send me five bottles of PERUNA and one of MANALIN by express and oblige, your humble servant."

Cook Bros., Prospect, Marion County, Ohio, writes: "We have a good trade on PERUNA, our customers speak well of it

J. D. LONG, J. D. LONG,
AT
Spring Mills,
HAS JUST OPENED
A Complete Stock of
DRY GOODS, ... DRESS GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS, OILS AND PAINTS, PAINTS,
GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
Groceries,
COFFEES ..... SUGARS ..... TEAS
..... FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, ...
.....SEGARS AND.....
EVERYTHING KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
.....ALL NEW GOODS.....
He offers bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
All kinds of produce taken, and Highest Market Prices paid.
Highest price paid for all kinds of GRAIN.
COAL on hand always. 15oct3m

JOHN A. GRENOBLE,
SPRING MILLS, PA
Dealer in
STOVES, TINWARE &
PATENT IRON ROOFING
Use Patent Iron Roofing, it outlasts any building, and costs only a trifle more than shingles. Call and see it.
Everything in the line of
COOKING STOVES,
COAL STOVES,
& RANGES
PRICES LOW AS THE LOWEST!
TINWARE
of all descriptions on hand and made to order. 12dec.y

A Prize Send six cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers. Absolutely sure. Address at once, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y

J. C. BRACKBILL W. R. BRACKBILL

Furniture and Bedding!

THE LARGEST STOCK!
THE LOWEST PRICES!

Give us a Call,------Satisfaction Guaranteed,

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Spring St.,————Bellefonte, Pa.

——Electric Light.——

GOODS SHOWN AT NIGHT AS WELL AS DAY.

HARDWARE — STOVES.

In addition to our extensive stock of FARMERS, BUILDERS & BLACKSMITH supplies, we would call your attention to our stock

Heating Stoves, Cooks & Ranges,

We would especially suggest in Heating Stoves the
CROWNING GLORY,
FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
WELCOME HOME.
In Cooks the REGULATOR PIONEER
In Ranges the VICTOR & APOLLA.
A full assortment of Fire Brick and Grates on hand.
WILSON, McFARLANE & CO

SEND FOR TRIAL BOX

THE PASTILLE

Prof. Harris' Radical Cure

FOR Spermatorrhœa and Impotency OR ORGANIC WEAKNESS IN MEN

CIRCULAR Sent FREE

Read What a Patient says of it:

"The Pastilles I purchased from you in August prove to me most conclusively that 'while there is life there is hope.'" They did their work far beyond my utmost expectations, for I certainly did not expect that a habit of FOURTEEN YEARS' DURATION could be completely gotten under control in the exceedingly short time of two months I can assure you that no false modesty will keep me from doing all that I can in adding to the success which will surely crown so beneficial a remedy."

Above extract from a letter dated—W. Va. Dec. 28, 1883

The Pastilles are prepared and sold only by the
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG CHEMISTS,
306½ N. 10th St. ST. LOUIS, MO.
One Month's treatment $3, two months $5, three months $7.

FINEST AND BEST.

J. H. BYRNES,

EVERY LADY, MISS & CHILD WEARS THE CELEBRATED MANUFACTURE OF

ROCHESTER, N. Y. SHOULD HAVE A PAIR.

SIAMANG KID SHOES,

THE MOST DURABLE MADE.

We carry the Best and Cheapest Line of
MEN & BOY'S FINE SHOES
in the County.
ALL SIZES AND WIDTHS OF THE
ENGLISH WAUKENPHAUST
..... SHOES, ...
the Most Comfortable Shoe Made.
Remember the place—Corner Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte.
un4tf E. GRAHAM & SON.

COLEMAN Business

COLLEGE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.—100 students from Pennsylvania in 1883. More positions for graduates than all other schools combined. Life Scholarship, $40. Write for circulars. H. COLEMAN & PALMS, Proprietors.
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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

VIGOROUS HEALTH TO MEN

PROF. HARRIS' Pastille A Radical Cure FOR SPERMATORRHŒA AND IMPOTENCY.

NERVOUS DEBILITY, organic weakness and decay, and numerous obscure diseases, baffling skillful physicians, result from youthful indiscretions, too free indulgence, and over brain work. Do not temporize while such enemies lurk in your system. Avoid being imposed on by protentious claims of other remedies for these troubles. Get our free circular and trial package, and learn important facts before taking treatment elsewhere. Take a remedy that has cured thousands, and does not interfere with attention to business or cause pain or inconvenience. Founded on settled medical principles. Growing in favor and reputation. Direct application to the seat of disease makes its specific influence felt without delay. The natural functions of the human organism are restored. The animating elements of life which have been wasted are given back. The patient becomes cheerful and gains strength rapidly.

Tested for over 5 years by use in thousands of cases.

Free TRIAL PACKAGE.

SEND ADDRESS
HARRIS REMEDY CO., Mf'g Chemists,
306½ North 10th St., St. Louis, Mo.
ONE MONTH'S TREATMENT, $3; 2 MONTHS, $5; 3 MONTHS, $7

RISLEY'S WITCH HAZEL
Cures headaches, burns, sprains, cuts, wounds, rheumatism, toothache, blisters, &c.
Unequalled in quality at half the price, 6 oz. 25 cts. Pints (16 oz.) 50 cts. Quarts $1 per bottle.
RISLEY'S EXTRACT OF BUCHU.
Valuable in the cure of ulceration and irritation of the kidneys, bladder and uretha, strangury, gravel, gleet, phonorrhœa, leucorrhœa or whites, dropsy, pain back, loins, &c., $1 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. C. F. RISLEY,
3sept6m 61 Courtlandt St., New York

Agents wanted for Lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest and best book ever sold for less than twice our prices to agents. All intelligent people want it. Anyone can become a successful agent. Terms free, HALLETT BOOK Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

$66 a week at home. $5 outfit free. Pay absolutely sure. No risk. Capital not required. Reader, if you want business at which persons of either sex, young or old, can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. 1y

Gold for the working class. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail you free a royal valuable box of sample goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. We will start you. You can work all the time or in spare time only. The work is universally adapted to both sexes, young and old. You can easily earn from 50 cents to $5 every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer; to all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Fortunes will be made by those who give their whole time to the work. Great success absolutely sure. Don't delay. Start now. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. 1y

SANITARIUM, Riverside, Cal. The dry climate cures Nose, Throat, Lungs, full idea, 36 p., route, cost, free.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH GUIDE. 250 pgs. Illustrated. All that the doubtful curious or thoughtful want to know. Cloth and gilt binding 50 cts. paper 25c. Marriage Guide, 100 p. 15c. Both sent sealed, postpaid on receipt of price. DR. WHITTIER 202 PENN AVE. PITTSBURGH, PA. The great specialist, Nervous Debility, Impediments to Marriage, Consultation and Pamphlet free.

FOR MAN AND BEAST.

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT

THE BEST EXTERNAL REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CRAMPS, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and *Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.*

It is a *safe, sure,* and *effectual* Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on HORSES.

One trial will prove its merits. Its effects are in most cases INSTANTANEOUS.

Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions for the treatment of above diseases. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

Seary, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

For sale at Murray's Drug store.

Paynes' Automatic Engines & Saw-Mill.

OUR LEADER.

We offer an 8 to 10 H. P. Automatic, Spark-Arresting, Mounted Portable Engine, with Mill, 16 ft. carriage, 32 ft. track and ways, 2 simultaneous lever set head-blocks, 2¾-inch arbor, 3 changes feed: sawyer controls feed-lever and head-blocks from one position. 50-inch solid saw, 50 ft. 8-inch 4-ply belting, feed-belts, cant-hooks, swage, tightener, etc. Rig complete for operation, $1100 on cars. Engine on skids, $100 less. Engine will burn slabs from the saw two to eight feet long and keep up steam. Send for catalogue 12.

R. W. PAYNE & SONS, Manufacturers all styles Automatic Engines from 2 to 300 H. P. Shafting, pulleys, and hangers. Elmira, N. Y. Box 1427.

FALLING LEAVES.

What will become of the trees, Mamma ?
The leaves are falling, one by one.
Colder it blows;
Soon comes the snows.
What will become of the trees, Mamma,
The bare, brown trees, when all is done?

Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
When all the leaves are blown away?
When nights are long,
And winds are strong,
Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
On many a cold and wintry day?

What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
Away before the wind they fled;
After their play,
Hurried away.
What will become of the trees, Mamma?
I can not think that they are dead.

Poor little leaves! It is sad, Mamma,
If I run after them, will they mind?
Now for a race!
Now for a chase!
I will bring you some pretty leaves,
Mamma;
Some tired leaves that are left behind.

GRETTY'S TRUST.

Old Von Hausen sat on a stone about half way up the Gulderhorn. Far above on each side of him rose the eternal hills, their ice-clad peaks of the present moment rosy-pink with the sun's parting rays. But up from the green valleys gray blue shadow were creeping and driving the pink away.

Far beneath him were hills and valleys, a village and a lake, and a streamlet meandering through a dark pine wood. Very beautiful, all of it. But its beauty was entirely lost upon Von Hausen as he sat there on his stone thinking aloud, after the manner of solitary men who are well up in years. He cared no more for the scenery than did any of those bats that, like birds of evil omen, went sweeping past and past him, and round and round his head.

"Virtue always triumphant!" he was saying—"Pah! mere sentiment, mere moonshine."

The fact is, Von Hausen had been to the play in the village down yonder only the evening before. He had spent no less a sum than twenty batzen on those strolling actors. Not for any pleasure it was likely to give him, had he gone, but Grettie, the prettiest girl in all the village, had asked him to take her. She could not go alone, she said, and Rudolf would hardly return from chamois hunting for days to come.

"Virtue always triumphant? Yes, that is what she said. Pah! *money* is. Ha! ha! And I have that. Oh! my worthy but poverty-struck Rudolf, you may return when you please; Gretty will marry Von Hausen. Old? Eh? Who calls me old?"

He took snuff as he spoke from an old horn, sending the powder home with his finger point, and it must be confessed he looked anything but handsome as he did so, for he wrinkled his brows and twinkled his eyes, and leered like an aged baboon.

"Old? Let me see; seventy last birthday. Merely in my prime. Ten years more and I'll be only eighty; twenty, and I'll be but ninety; then I may grow old. Eagles renew their ages. Why shouldn't—Aha!" he screamed, "yonder is an eagle!"

He started up as he spoke, and with eyes turned skywards and finger pointing up, began tottering forward step by step towards—destruction. A precipice fully five hundred feet deep lay at his feet; he was on the brink of it—the next step would have been his last.

But a rough hand seized him by the coat collar pulling it till his head sank within, like a monk's in his cowl, but dragging that man back at the same time.

"Tired of your sinful life, old bird?" said the new-comer, a rough but good-natured chamois-hunter, with gun in hand and bag on back, a morsel of feather stuck jauntily in his hat, just to show the village maidens, he used to say, that Bernezell was still a bachelor.

"Old bird!" growled Van Hausen, reseating himself on his stone. "Who are you calling an old bird? You're as bad as any one else. Humph!"

"Well, I say," said Bernezell, "this is gratitude! What are you going to give me for saving your neck, eh?"

"Neck? What? Oh, yes to be sure. We'll go down to the village, and I'll pay for a pot of lager."

"A pot of lager!" cried the other, laughing. "Is that all the value you put upon your——Ha! ha! ha!"

"Value I put upon my ha ha ha! What d'ye mean? you're uncommonly like a fool!"

"Well, well, perhaps I am; but I say, friend, you're in a fine temper to-night. Any one been vexing you?"

The old man grew all smiles and leers in a moment. His face lighted up liked a withered melon with the afternoon sun on it.

"No!" he chuckled, taking another pinch, and digging his friend in the ribs. "Oh—the—contrary. Was at the play last night with Gretty. Ha! ha? Ho! ho! She doesn't mourn long for the hunter. And look here, she's going to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Ay, she promised—that is, she will promise when I ask her. But now come along down and have the lager. Keep your hands to yourself. Do you think I want your assistance to get up?"

"I beg a thousand pardons, old bi—I mean you merry young grouse, you! Here, I say, hold on; don't leave me behind. Why, you go bounding along like a young stag."

"Young on the legs, eh?"

"I should think you are."

They were seated very shortly in the village tavern. They hadn't taken long to go down hill.

"And now," said Von Hausen, "I'm going to unfold my plans. But here, let us have another pint."

"What can the old heron mean," muttered Bernezell to himself, "by such reckless liberality? Something in the wind, I know. The grey hawk doesn't whistle till he is just going to swoop."

"Well," said Von Hausen, "how is trade, eh! Got good bags lately?"

"Hardly any luck at all," sighed the other. "I'm stiff with jumping, and I haven't bagged a buck for five days."

"Wouldn't mind having a spell of pleasure, I dare say?—couple of months in France, now? Come, come, you're not drinking. We'll have another pint. Money was made to spend. Drink and be merry, you young dog, you, I say."

When quite unfolded, Von Hausen's plans were something as follows, Bernezell was to meet Rudolf in the hills and prevent his return for a couple of months at least. He was on no account to come near the village for that time, nor see Gretty, to whom he was betrothed. The "old bird," as Bernezell called him, was to pay all expenses, but the young man must be kept in Paris, in the midst of gayety, and must never for a moment be allowed to think of home. Nor must he write, or, when he did, his letters were to be destroyed.

"Suppose," said Bernezell, "he misses his foothold among the mountains and tumbles into the crevasse?"

The old man positively rubbed his hands and cackled with delight.

"Capital! capital! capital!" was all he could say. "Ha! ha! ha! Capital! Virtue is always triumphant in the end? He! he!"

Bernezell smiled in his face as he said—

"Of all the old sinners that ever lived—"

"Eh? eh? What's that?" cried Von Hausen, who had not heard him.

"I said you were a right merry old soul," shouted Bernezell.

"Ha! ha! Yes, merry, but not so old, you know."

That very night, this miserly Von Hausen counted out to Bernezell one by one the pieces of gold, for the chamois-hunter was to start early next day.

"I declare," said Von Hausen, "it is like buying a wife. Precious expensive affair. But I can trust you."

"Certainly; virtue you know, is always——"

"Go on! go on!" cried Von Hausen; "good night. Go home and sleep."

"Go home and sleep indeed," said Bernezell to himself, as he trudged off with his gun on his shoulder. "Yes; but not before I've seen Gretty."

Once clear of the village, he took his way hillwards up the glen. High up in the middle of the mountain lights were gleaming—it was now dark; they came from the window of Gretty's cottage. A very humble hut it was, though very pretty and rustic. Gretty lived here with her mother, tended the goats, and looked after the dairy, for the old woman seldom left her chair all day.

Gretty ran to meet Bernezell, and took both his rough hands in her own wee white ones. Was he not a friend of her lover's? She led him in, and the old woman nodded, smiling, at a stool near the bright, cheerful fire of wood.

Gretty had just dressed for the evening, and very simple, but neat, was her attire. She was slight and delicate in form, with sparkling eyes and an eager, pretty face

She asked fifty questions of Bernezell, nearly all on the same subject; and when the chamois-hunter bade the mother good night at last, and went away, he beckoned Gretty to follow.

"He has something to tell me," said Gretty to herself, her fair face flushing with anxiety.

Very humble are the heroes of this little tale, but in Gretty's eyes her Rudolf was by no means humble. No young man in all the glen was so tall, fresh and rosy, so stalwart and strong, as Rudolf, goat-herder though he was. None had so beautiful a voice, so white a brow, such glossy hair. None could bound from crag or climb the mountain steep, axe in hand, so bravely as he did, and his wild *glou glou* at sunrise or sunset could be heard ringing high o'er the hill and glen, and re-echoed too from peak to peak. And Gretty, simple lassie, loved him so dearly and devotedly.

There was a scimitar moon shining through the pine tree tops, and the stars were all out, so there was light enough to see the foot-path that led to the well. Here was a seat, and Bernezell did not say a word, anxious though Gretty was, until he got there. The truth is this chamois hunter hardly knew what to say, or how much he dare in fairness tell the girl.

Probably he ought to have thrown the miser's money in his face and stigmatizing him as a villain, refused to have anything to do with his plans and schemes. "But," he thought, "if I do, my friend's life is not worth a day's purchase. Murder has been committed among these mountains before; an assassin is easily hired. No, I'll take the cash, and I'll keep Rudolf away for a time. I shall not spend the money, though I have a brother in Paris who will be glad to see us. And the gold I'll send as a gift to Gretty's mother, when her daughter is married. She will not know where it came from, and it will keep her in comfort for years."

"Gretty, my little sister," he said, when they were seated by the well, "you won't see nor hear from your lover for two whole months. He is well, and will be well. He and I are going together, it will be for your good—at least, for your mother's. I cannot tell you more. Nay, I pray you do not ask. My mouth is sealed. You'll be true?"

There were tears and prayers and entreaties, yet Bernezell remained as firm as the rocks that towered over them; but when he left next day to seek his friend in the hills, he carried with him a lock of bonnie hair in a tiny parcel, and beside it the blue ribbon that had bound it.

Rudolf was rejoiced at the idea of going to Paris, but couldn't he go to see Gretty first? No, there was not an hour to lose. He must come at once or stay.

"Then I'll go," said the young man, "I can trust Gretty."

"You may indeed."

"And what a deal I'll have to tell her when I do get back!"

"Yes," said Bernezell, laughing.

So away they went together over the hills.

Old Von Hausen was a friend of Gretty's. Gretty's father and he had been inseperables. He came to the cottage now every day. He read to the old lady and talked much with the daughter. His universal themes were money and poverty; the pleasures the former could bring, the misery entailed by the latter.

He broached the subject nearest his heart first to the mother, and, strange or not strange, he gained her consent to marry Gretty.

Meanwhile weeks flew by, and there was no word from Rudolf. Weeks and a month, and then two. Oh! what could have become of him? Was he false? Impossible!

But a terrible storm with a slight shock of earthquake took place, and all Gretty's goats appeared to have stampeded during the night. At all events the doors were found open and the goats had fallen or been cast over a precipice near the cottage. Near that dear old well where she had plighted her troth she now must sit and weep.

Ah! it was the mournful tale of Auld Robin Gray repeating itself. For Gretty's

"Mother she fell sick;"

poverty started them in the face, and they were beholden to the charity of Von Hausen the miser.

By night as well as by day Gretty toiled hard with her knitting needles. Work was the only consolation, the only relief, she could find. And her face grew wan, and dark circles appeared about her beautiful eyes. What *can* be harder to bear than grief and poverty too?

Many months went by, and still no lover returned.

Von Hausen had heard he was dead; that did not add to Gretty's grief. Some one else heard he was married; this was worse, but she bore it.

Meanwhile where were the truants?

Bernezell had found his brother ailing, and at the end of a month medical men had prescribed a voyage to Madeira. They would just get back within five weeks, then they would both return to the dear little cot among the Swiss mountains, and Rudolf would marry his Gretty. Here at Madeira Bernezell's brother died.

"We are wealthy now, alas!" said Bernezell, "and we'll go shares."

The steamer that was to take them to France was a week behind time. One day, "Yonder she is!" shouted Rudolf, and off they both went, and were bundled on board. The ship stayed but an hour, then steamed away again, bound for the distant Cape. *They had boarded the wrong boat!*

There came a day when in the little cot among the hills Gretty sat weeping by her mother's bedside, and near her stood Von Hausen. The doctor had just gone. Nothing, he had said, except a change could save the patient's life.

"Now, Gretty, my child, now or never!" cried the old man. "Be my wife. Give me the right to save your mother's life. Gretty, be mine."

Gretty's mother did not speak, but—

"She gazed in Gretty's face till her heart was like to break."

Gretty stood up—tearless now, but with sad pale face. She took her mother's hand.

"Give me the right to save your mother's life," pleaded the miser once again.

"Stay!" cried a manly voice, "I have a prior claim." Next moment, with a fond cry, and color in her cheeks once more, Gretty was pressed to her lover's breast.

That day three weeks, dinkle—dinkle—dinkle—dang went the village bells. Not pretty bells at all—indeed, I always thought they were pot metal—but how sweetly they sounded in Gretty's ears! She was going to church to be married. That ends my story, as marriage ends all stories. Yet one word; a few years after this the old miser died, and Rudolf found himself his heir. "As some reparation," said the will, "for evil done and meditated.

Jumping Bean.

The mystery of the jumping beans of Mexico was solved several years ago here on the Comstock. The explanation is simple enough; there is in each bean a worm whose instinct it is to so skip as to keep the bean in motion. The insect gives motion to the bean by drawing itself into a close coil and then suddenly uncoiling in such a way as to strike against the upper part of the cavity it occupies. In Mexico these beans in great numbers are to be seen skipping over the ground under the tree, upon which they are produced. They thus skip and roll along the ground until they lodge in some hole or cavity where they are likely to be covered with earth by the first rains. The worm is a provision of nature by means of which the beans are distributed and planted. When the beans were brought here our Comstockers did not let the "concealment" of the "worm in the bud" worry their "damask" cheeks, but "busted" the bean and went after the inner consciousness of the thing. When dug out of its nest, the insect—which resembles those found in peas—continues to skip, and is able to hop to a foot or more.

Scripture and Shakespeare.

There are some curious parallel passages which show that "the bard of Avon" was familiar with the Scriptures and drew from them many of his ideas. For instance:

Othello—"Rude am I in my speech."

Bible—"But though I be rude in my speech."—2 Cor. xi, 6.

Witches in Macbeth—"Show his eyes and grieve his heart."

Bible—"Consume thine eyes and grieve thine heart."—1 Sam. ii, 33.

Macbeth—"Life's but a walking shadow."

Bible—"Man walketh in a vain show."—Psalm xxxix, 6.

Banquo—"Woe to the land that is governed by a child."

Bible—"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child."—Eccles. x, 15.

Timon of Athens—"Who can call him his friend that dips in the same dish?"

Bible—"He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me."—Matt. xxvi, 23.

Macbeth—"We will die with harness on our back."

Apocrypha—"Nicanor lay dead in his harness."—2 Mac. xv, 28.

A German paper trade journal says that a waterproof paper which will shine in the dark can be made of 40 parts paper stock, 10 parts phosphorescent powder; 10 parts water, 1 part gelatine and 2 part bicromate of potash.

East Indian Jugglers.

A traveler in India says; the Indian juggler is a very humble individual; he does not appear before his audience in the glory of evening dress; his only costume is a cloth around his middle. And thus, if coat-sleeves or pockets at all assist in magic, the Indian juggler is at a decided disadvantage, for both his arms and legs are bare. He is a thin, an unnaturally thin, wiry looking individual—the Indian juggler. I do not know why he should be thin, but I do not recollect ever seeing a fat Indian juggler. Recently I had a visit from an amalgamated troupe consisting of seven members, five men, one woman and a boy. Probably the seven had conjoined their entertainments for that particular day only, and the next day they might be performing separately again. If I give a description of what this party of seven did, you will have a fair idea of a juggling entertainment in India.

Two of the seven—one man and one woman—performed a single trick only, namely, the famous basket trick. The man took an oblong basket about two feet long, one foot broad, and say a foot and a half high. The woman was bound hand and foot with ropes and put into a net made of rope which was securely tied, so that she was practically in a sack of network. She was then lifted and placed into the basket on her knees. But a two-year old child would have filled the basket, and the result was that the whole upper portion of the woman was above the basket. The woman bent her head; the juggler placed the lid of the basket on her shoulders, and then threw a sheet over the whole—hiding both woman and basket from view. In about a minute he pulled away the sheet, folding it up in his hands, and behold, the lid was in its proper place, and the woman was gone! The juggler now took a sword about five feet long, and with it he pierced the basket through and through in all directions horizontally, diagonally, upward and downward; but there was no sign of any one inside. He even removed the lid, jumped into the basket with his feet and danced in it, until one came to the conclusion that wherever the woman had gone to, she was not inside. The juggler again took the sheet, and after we had examined it he spread it over the basket, holding it tent-shaped, the apex where his hand was being about three feet from the ground. In a minute he withdrew the sheet once more, and, behold, the woman was back in her old position on her knees in the basket; but the ropes and net had disappeared, and she was now unbound. This trick has a few variations, one of which is that after the woman disappears the basket is handed round to show its emptiness, and some other trick is exhibited, in the middle of which the female performer reappears before the audience ere any one can notice where she comes from.

A third juggler made his salaam, and began by performing the beautiful mango tree trick. He took an earthenware pot, filled it with earth moistened with a little water, and placed among the earth a mango seed which we had examined beforehand. This done, he threw a sheet over the pot, and almost immediately removed it again, when we behold, to our astonishment, that the seed had in the space of say, half a minute become a young mango tree. Again the sheet was thrown over the pot, and on being a second time removed, the mango tree had doubled in size. The same process was repeated a third time, and now the tree was covered with small unripe mangoes. This time the juggler plucked the tree up out of the earth, displaying the roots and the remains of the original mango stone from which the tree was supposed to have sprung.

The snake trick, which was the next item in the entertainment, is one which has a peculiar fascination for native onlookers, for the fatal ravages of poisonous serpents in India for centuries have produced a horror of such reptiles among natives. Our juggler showed us a parched skin which had once belonged to a large cobra. We examined it carefully, and were quite sure it was a serpent's skin in a circular straw basket about six inches deep. The basket was likewise examined, and we found no double bottom or any other peculiarity about it. When he put the lid upon the basket it contained nothing but the empty skin—that we were equally well assured of. The wonderful sheet before mentioned was again brought into requisition, and was spread over the basket containing the dry skin. After the performance of some mystic maneuvres in the air with a little wooden doll, the sheet was withdrawn, the lid removed, and out of the basket arose a huge hissing cobra, his hood spread in anger and his forked tongue darting in and out of his mouth. Some native servants who were looking on fled precipitately in all directions; but the juggler quickly took out an Indian musical instrument—not unlike a miniature set of bagpipes—and began to play. A change came over the spirit of the cobra's spleen; his anger died away; he stood up with half of his body in a perpendicular attitude, and presently began to sway to and fro in a sort of serpent dance to the music. In a word he was charmed, for snake charming is a reality, and not a fiction, strange as it may seem to the people of Britain.

The Government of India offers a money reward for every poisonous snake killed in the country, and the result is that there exists in India at the present day a class of men called snake charmers, who earn their living by going about in search of serpents. They play on the peculiar instrument before mentioned, and if any serpent is within hearing distance it is irresistably attracted to the musician. Serpents will leave the roots of hedges, holes in walls, come down trees or forsake paddy fields if they hear this strange music. They erect themselves vertically before the player, who at once seizes them by the throat and puts them into a large basket or bag he carries with him for the reception of unwise serpents. What became of the dry snake skin we could not tell; we never saw it again.

The next performer was an elderly patriarchal looking man, who exhibited two trained tropical birds, the names of which I forget. These birds did some really astonishing things, and their master, the patriarch, must be a man of infinite patience. For instance, one actually loaded a small brass cannon set on a miniature gun carriage, pushed the charge home with a small ramrod and fired the piece off by applying a lighted match, held in its beak to the touchhole, displaying not the slightest fear at the noise caused by the firing. The other bird would, if its master threw any small object into the air, seize the object in mid air and bring it to the bird trainer.

Numbers five and six, man and boy, of the troupe, were circus Wallahs, and gave a native gymnastic entertainment which, as it did not materially differ from a British performance in the same line, need not be detailed.

Number seven was a juggler of divers accomplishments. He swallowed swords and put an iron hook into his nostril, bringing it out of his mouth. Neither of these feats, however, though undoubtedly genuine, is pleasant to look at. He blew fire and flames out of his mouth without revealing the object or cause of the fire, and apparently without burning himself. He took about half a dozen stones of the size of, say a hen's egg, out of his mouth; how they got there, or how his mouth contained them after they got there, was a mystery. He was talking just before he began; but on being asked a question in the middle of this stone performance, he could not speak. After discharging the big stones, he wound up by disgorging about a handful of old nails and miscellaneous rubbish.

A much more pleasant trick to look at was the one which followed. He took a cocoanut shell with one end cut off, and filled it with water. In the water he placed a little piece of cork, having a bent pin on one side and two straight pins on the other side, so that the cork as it floated roughly resembled a liliputian duck. The cork lay dead in the water, and it was difficult to think what magic could possibly be got out of it. Presently the juggler, sitting about two yards off, took out a musical instrumsnt and began to play a lively tune. Instantly the imitation duck commenced to dance violently in the water, suiting its motions to the music. The dancing continued till the tune was ended; then the juggler ordered the duck to saalam, and he was at once obeyed. He even requested the buoyant cork to dive to the bottom of the water, and his request was immediately complied with. While the performance was going on, the cocoanut shell was standing almost at our feet, and the performer was not only sitting beyond reach, but both his hands were employed in playing the instrument.

One more trick will finish my list. Our juggler told a native servant, whom he did not know, to stretch out his arm, palm upward. Into the outstretched palm he placed a silver two-anna piece, and, holding out his own bony hand to show us that it was empty, he lifted the coin from the servant's hand, shut his own fist, reopened it in the twinkling of an eye, and an enormous black scorpion dropped into the servant's palm. The latter fled, shrieking with terror, for, next to the serpent, the particular aversion of the Hindoo is the scorpion.

November.

November was styled by the ancient Saxons *Wint-monat*, or the wind month, from the gales of wind which were so prevalent at this season of the year, obliging our Scandinavian ancestors to lay up their keels on shore and refrain from exposing themselves on the ocean until the advent of more genial weather in the ensuing year. It bore also the name of *Blot-monat*, or the bloody-month, from the circumstances of its being customary then to slaughter great numbers of cattle, to be salted for winter use. The epithet also had reference to the sacrificial rites practiced at this season.

The first day of November was surrounded by many superstitions in ancient times. The night was celebrated by many curious sports, all deemed important to usher in All Saints Day, or the first of November. Much of all that was connected with the old ceremonies and sports is still observed in many places, but greatly modified. There was a very ancient custom of ringing the church bells, beginning on the vigil, or All Hallow Eve, and continued through All Saint's Day, not as a part of the festivities, but a religious office, for the continued protection of the souls supposed by them to be in purgatory, against the influence of the evil power, a part of the superstitious notion then in practice, of ringing church bells when a friend was dying, to shield them from evil influence on their passage from earth to purgatory. The Passing Bell is a remnant of the same idea. This bell was rung while the person was dying—not after death—to call the friends to pray for the passing soul. Like all the months of the year, each day of November was set apart for some saint's day, or had some peculiar rites or superstitions associated with it; but most of them have less interest than many of the other months. To many people it is a sad month. The frost has cut down every green thing. It is the season of decay, and most of the legends and superstitions connected with it partake of its sad and gloomy character. We have some balmy days and brilliant nights, and the Indian summer often lingers to cheer up some of the November days; but, after all, we can part with this month with less regret than any month of the year.

Fear sin, and you are safe.

From saving comes having.

Every man hath his weak side.

Content is a communicable virtue.

Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.

Misery travels free through the whole world.

Two things that pay—Working and waiting.

Where there is much light the shade is deepest.

No inferior person feels and forgives an offense.

Planning goes a great way toward lightening work.

Reason should not regulate, but supplement virtue.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

To owe is human; to pay up divine.

Those who can command themselves command others.

He who is firm in will molds the world to himself.

We may be as good as we please if we please to be good.

An old man repents of that of which a young man boasts.

Patience is the endurance of any evil through love of God.

Oh, that we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well.

To reveal its complacence by gifts, is one of the native dialects of love.

Converts who boast of their blessedness are not always the most stable.

The most important lesson of morality is this: Never do an injury to any one.

Men often judge the person, but not the cause, which is not justice, but malice.

Trying to admire that which you do not like accumulates failure, and exhibits weakness.

The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless, lie scattered at the feet of men like flowers.

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and education must finish him.

The tongue of a fool is the key of his counsel, which, in a wise man, wisdom hath in keeping.

Often extraordinary excellence not being rightly conceived does rather offend than please.

Sweet is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

Not that which men do worthily, but that they do successfully, is what history makes haste to record.

It is better to have a lion at the head of an army of sheep than a sheep at the head of an army of lions.

One dies twice; to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and be loved is an insupportable death.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament.

If a man have love in his heart, he may talk in broken language, but it will be eloquence to those who listen.

True modesty blushes for everything that is criminal: false modesty is ashamed of everything unfashionable.

We see farthest into the future—and that is not far—when we most carefully consider the facts of the present.

Sense shines with a double luster when it is set in humility. An able yet humble man, is a jewel worth a kingdom.

Success soon palls. The joyous time is when the breeze first strikes our sails, and the waters rustle under our bows.

He that hath tasted the bitterness of sin, will fear to commit it; and he that hath felt the sweetness of mercy, will fear to offend it.

Reflect upon your present blessings of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier, a brute; and every man disagreeable.

There are never in the world two opinions alike, no more than two hairs or two grains. The most universal quality is diversity.

A smile may be bright while the heart is sad. The rainbow is beautiful in the air, while beneath is the moaning of the sea.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

Hard words are like hailstones in Summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

The best advertisement of a workshop is first-class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well made Christian character.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the full value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain.

These are good rules: Do not all that you can do, spend not all that you have; believe not all that you hear; tell not all that you know.

Religion can be no more learnt out of books than seamanship, or soldiership, or engineering, or painting, or any practical trade whatsoever.

There is no policy like politeness: and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name, or supply the want of it.

As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance; so good breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

False friendship, like the ivy decays and ruins the walls it imbraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.

Who is there in the world that can boast of having fathomed and thoroughly penetrated the intricate and ever-changing nature of a woman?

Trouble springs from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease; many without labor would live by their own wits only, but they break for want of stock.

It is absolutely needful for one to be humble and prostrated and thrown among the pots from time to time. Life is a school; we are perverse schalars to the last, and require the rod.

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books. They presently fix thee to drive them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness.

What is called ill-nature and want of generosity, is very often nothing more than a quick eye for the injustice and unreasonableness of others, and a determination not to gratify it; not the desire to save one's own money or trouble.

THE GOLDEN ROD.

O, gaily raise your radiant heads,
  And wave your gold-fringed banners bright,
While o'er the sun-browned hillside spreads
  Your charm that sweetly woos the sight!
The fairest ye of all the throng,
  Mild heralds of Autumnal days;
In forests dim your light prolong,
  O'er fields shine through the mellow haze

Ye tell us that the trees shall stand
  All leafless 'gainst the sullen sky,
And birds shall in some Southern land
  Renew the songs they here let die.
How oft a rest the toiler finds
  By roadsides where your beauty blooms,
And feels his brow refreshed by winds
  That gently sway your glowing plumes!

Sometimes upon the mountain wild
  Your watch and ward you fondly keep,
O'er nature's waning life that smiled
  'Ere storm winds burst with withering sweep.
How often the towering pines goes down
  Beneath the tempest's rushing gale
That passes harmless o'er your crown,
  Still bright with yellow blossoms frail.

The splendor of the sun's gay hue,
  Gathered from summer's smiling skies,
Ye throw upon the world anew
  When autumn's darkening clouds arise,
The brave and generous heart thus sheds,
  Where'er in time and earth it dwell,
Beauty and blessing on the heads
  Of those who feel its magic spell.

A DARING HEROINE.

"Yes, laugh as credulously as you will, my dear comrades, we can boast of something as extraordinary as a tiger hunt. One need not go as far as India or elsewhere. Is it not so, Adele?"

On the reconnoitering march, for which the troops stationed in the Province of Pomerania were delegated, we had passed the town of Coslin, and I, with the smaller half of the company and a younger comrade, wandering from the highway, had taken quarters at the manor of Lord B——. He had formerly been an officer himself, and took pains to receive us as agreeably as possible.

After the excellent dinner, to which our appetites, sharpened by the march, did ample justice, we were now sitting in the cool study of our amiable host, in comfortable rocking-chairs, complacently enjoying the aromatic coffee which Lady B——, a slender, graceful brunette, prepared us herself, while, at the same time, she would glance anxiously toward her little, two-year-old chubby-cheeked son, who, lying on his back on a mighty tiger skin before his father's writing-table, was playfully kicking and laughing at us.

We had entertained ourselves with this and that, when the conversation turned to the tiger-skin, and Lord B. had used the words above mentioned, after telling us, to our astonishment, that he had captured the trophy on his own premises.

"Who knows," continued he earnestly, "whether I then should have succeeded, if my guardian angel here had not lent me assistance?"

At these words he had seized the hand of his wife, standing by him, which she blushingly strove to withdraw.

"Yes, yes, you must tell us that," we besought. After affectionately embracing his fair companion he began as follows:

"It will soon be six years since I, a jolly lieutenant in a regiment of hussars was ordered to lead a detachment to Stettin. I was quartered with Baron Z——, and was glad, after three days of marching, during which I had frequently had miserable accommodations, to spend my furlough in this hospitable house.

"We were just sitting down to dinner, to which several of the neighboring land-holders had been invited (and, since the baron had an excellent wine cellar, we were in a highly excited state), when the servant announced a messenger who earnestly desired to speak with our host. After the latter had received the message he returned in considerable excitement.

"'The governor invites us,' said he, as he met our questioning glances, 'to take part in the great tiger hunt tomorrow.'

"'A tiger hunt!" cried every one, eagerly.

"He then told us that the owner of a menagerie, which had visited the market at Coslin, had met with an accident on the highway not far from town. At a place in the road, which was being repaired, one of the wagons had gone too near the ditch and overturned. At the same time its carelessly-fastened cover had broken, at which a tiger and a young leopard had improved the opportunity to escape from their cages. The leopard had been immediately recovered, but the tiger, a strong, full-grown specimen had taken refuge in a dense wood adjoining. He had already attacked, the day before, a flock of sheep in the vicinity, the shepherd had barely escaped with his life, and no one would longer venture into the fields for fear of falling victim to the furious beast. To-morrow, therefore, a great hunt of extermination was to be undertaken by the neighboring landholders.

"We were naturally very much excited at the unusual event. All promised to participate in the hunt; I, too, could not better employ my furlough. I therefore requested my amiable host to furnish me with the necessary outfit for the chase, which his sister, too, my neighbor at table, readily promised.

"Miss Adele was almost as excited at the event as I. Blooming and vivacious, her father, since she had lost her mother in her early youth, just after her return from boarding school, had placed no restraint upon her inclinations. She had her own riding horse, which she managed with great skill.

"The old forester had often taken her into the woods, and she understood very well how to handle the gun, so that she had already brought home many a buck or hare as a trophy of the chase. Yet to-day her father had refused her wish to engage in the next day's hunt, with only the brief words, 'this is not for women,' and pouting she had been forced to submit.

"I had already expressed the wish to choose from the excellent weapons of the baron, which I had already admired a gun to use on the following day. He himself recommended to me a magnificent rifle, which hung still loaded in the arm-chest, upon which, after a short trial, I decided, especially at Adele's suggestion.

"The other gentlemen had already departed. The old baron, too, had still to consult with the forester, and make arrangements, so he consigned to his daughter the task of entertaining me.

"She proposed to subjeet the gun to which I was to trust on the morrow to a test. I consented, and soon we and a young pupil, the son of an acquaintance, who was here to learn farming, were on the way to the target-ground, which the baron had arranged at the extremity of his park, I had hung my rifle and game-bag, in which my ammunition was contained, about my neck and escorted Adele, while the young lad, likewise provided with a rifle, walked by her side. A stable-boy whom we had taken with us to mark the shots carried the target.

"Behind the house, the path led through a garden, laid out in the English manner, along the lake, which could be seen from the veranda, through shady groves, and past broad, green grass-plots, toward the dense forest, with its towering trunks, The scorching sun of August in the cloudless heavens, was slowly sinking toward the horizon, and a refreshing breeze from over the lake rustled gently among the sedge weed and rushes on the shore. At length we reached the place. While the stable-boy fastened the target to a stand, to a promontory running into the lake, and our young companion gave him the necessary directions, Adele and I, after we had laid our guns on a bench that was there, proceeded to a small, artificially-constructed eminence, from which was afforded a most magnificent prospect over the lake, to the park and the castle, half-hidden among the trees. In the forest gradually awoke the voices of the birds, that had been silent during the day, before us the frogs were croaking their evening] songs in the rushes, while beneath us the murmuring waves were rippling on the pebbly strand, and now and then an inquisitive fish would leap forth from his watery element, a picture of the most peaceful repose—and she beside me, an enchanting youthful vision.

"The boy had now finished setting up the target, of which fact his young director informed us by a loud summons.

"We were just upon the point of going down to the place, which was only a few paces distant, when suddenly a flock of daws rose above the forest, whose shrill cawing and inharmonious cries filled the air. At the same time we saw a light-footed deer break forth from the thick coppice, about forty paces opposite us, and then fly with rapid bounds along the well-known way to the castle.

"'Bella! Bella!' cried Adele, briskly clapping her hands.

"The deer stopped a moment and glanced back at us; but then, as if it had already hesitated too long, it continued its flight the more hastily.

"What was that?' cried Adele, while she gazed in a listening attitude toward the forest. 'Have our neighbor's hounds been pursuing Bella again? But I hear no bark. She is usually so tame and comes so readily at my call. I never saw her so shy before.'

"We had reached the table upon which our guns lay and from which we were to practice; and I was just about to make an explanatory remark, when a crackling of dry branches caused me to look toward the place where Bella had appeared. The thick bushes which inclosed the border of the lofty forest parted and my blood froze to ice as my eyes met the glittering. blood-thirsty gaze of a monster only too well known to me. It was the escaped tiger!

"My brain reeled with a giddy, growing terror. The danger had come upon us too suddenly. Yet, now was the time to act to keep cool and clear-sighted.

"I could not utter a word. Adele, too, who stood near me at the other side of the narrow table, was silent. But she had observed the tiger, as I could perceive by her deep breathing. Instinctively I had seized the rifle which stood beside me and cocked it.

"I had read somewhere that wild animals cannot endure to look into the eye of a human being. I therefore gazed firmly and fixedly into the glowing, motionless eyes before me. Our mutual staring might have lasted a few minutes perhaps, which seemed an eternity to me; but the animal did not flinch, perhaps because he had been accustomed to see persons, or because hunger urged him. I saw him creep slowly forward till I could distinguish the gleaming spots on his back. He seemed ready for the fatal leap. I felt more and more that it was now or never.

"Slowly, without taking my eyes from the tiger, I raised the gun. At first my hand trembled, but the thought that another dear life beside my own was at stake, restored my coolness.

"I had only one barrel for bullets, the other was loaded with coarse shot Calmly I felt for the trigger to the first took aim at the head of the monster, and—fired!

"A horrible roar of rage was the echo to my shot; and when, a moment after, the smoke had cleared away, I perceived that the animal had made a spring forward, and lay at his whole gigantic length not fifty paces from us. I had struck him, but the bullet, by going too low, had shattered his under jaw, and seemed to have disabled one of his fore-feet

"I saw that the beast was retreating for a second leap, and I had no longer time to seize the other gun, which still lay on the table. My young companion could not spring to my rescue, as he was still some thirty paces distant, and must remain an inactive spectator of the scene.

"A renewed roar! Instantly I fired my second barrel loaded only with shot. For a brief moment I saw a mighty mass just before me. Then I felt myself thrown to the earth—a sharp pain in my left arm—a heavy weight pressed upon my breast. I heard a loud report close at my ear. Then my senses leave me—I swoon.

"How long I lay thus I know not. When I at last recovered consciousness I was gazing into the face of Miss Adele, who was occupied in drying, with her handkerchief, the blood that streamed over my face from a wound in my head. My left arm was powerless, and I experienced the most violent pains when I endeavored to raise it. Stretched beside me lay the savage form of the terrible monster, lifeless.

"Adele was uninjured, but her face was pale and her beautiful dress completely smeared with blood.

"'Heaven be thanked, he lives!' were the first words I heard her say to the young pupil, who had brought fresh water in the hat from the lake for her Samaritan-like service.

"The young lad examined the dead beast, which measured over seven feet in length. My bullet had shattered his jaw and left fore-foot, and had then penetrated the flesh. The shot, at so short a distance, had entirely destroyed his eyes, and to this fortunate accident alone could I attribute the fact that I had not been more injured than I was. One blow of his mighty paw had almost scalped my head, and throwing me to the ground had broken and lacerated my left arm. With great presence of mind—a heroine at this critical moment—Adele had seized the gun lying on the table, and while the tiger was occupied with me had fired the bullet through his head, killing him instantly.

"The shepherd boy, whom she had immediately sent to the castle, soon brought assistance, since from my great loss of blood, I had swooned again. I was carried on a litter to the manor, where I fell into a violent fever.

"My detachment had to march without me. My wounds were not trifling. For weeks I lay with one foot in the grave. At length my good constitution and the careful nursing that my deliverers unwearily bestowed upon me conquered the disease. My wounds healed. Yet besides the scars that I shall bear all my life in memory of that adventure, I won another precious treasure, the heart of my Adele.

"At the festival which solemnized my recovery, and at which many a glass was emptied to our common weal, I could embrace the lovely Adele as my betrothed, and not long after she became my beloved wife. After the death of my old father-in-law, two years ago I resigned my commission, and since then I have myself become the happy possessor of this estate."

With an effectionate smile Lady B. glanced at her husband as he ended his thrilling narrative. A delightful walk at evening brought us to the scene of that perilous adventure. The following morning, on departing, we took a cordial farewell of Lord B—— and his lovely wife, whom I shall ever remember as the daring herorine of that terrible tiger hunt.

Well backed up—The dromedary.

It has always been a problem in large lumber-producing districts what to do with the sawdust. In some places they throw it into the stream, but this may be stopped by a complaint from people down the river, who use the water for various purposes in which cleanliness is a requisite. In others there have been arranged boiler-furnaces in which the dust can be used as fuel. Various processes have been introduced for solidifying the dust, so that it can be molded into picture-frames, ornaments for furniture, and other particles where stucco work is practicable, to dispose of some of the refuse. The latest idea is to make gas from it, and this, it is said, is carried out at a village in Ontario with excellent results.

Mount Athos.

"Haggion Oros," the holy mountain of all who profess the Greek faith, occupies a most commanding position on the western shore of the Ægean Sea. Rising abruptly from the water to a height of 6,200 feet, at the extremity of a long narrow peninsula, it seems to be keeping watch and ward over the sea path to and from Salonica and the approach to the Dardanelles, much as Gibraltar does over the straits leading to the Mediterranean. The peninsula is about forty miles long, and has an average breadth of six. It is connected with the great Chalcedonian Peninsula by a narrow neck of sand, through which the Persian monarch Xerxes cut a canal for vessels of light draught vestiges of which yet remain. Beside "Haggion Oros" is Mount Athos. Even before the days of Christianity Mount Athos had its recluses, for the solemn grandeur of the great bare peak and the wierd aspect of its surrounding are well calculated to harmonize with minds given up to wild and mystic thoughts. The new doctrines gave a great impulse to this desire to withdraw from the world, and in the course of time the whole peninsula came to be occupied by Greek monks, who, under the Byzantine Emperors, enjoyed the privilege of governing themselves and their possessions without the interference of any secular control whatever. There was thus formed an ecclesiastical autonomy that has endured to the present day. The only indication of Turkish authority in Mount Athos is the presence of a "caimakam," who, however, enjoys not the slightest power, his functions being limited to that of a mere observer. This official has two "zaptieths" (gendarmes) under his orders, but they are more to do honor to his position than to represent any force at his command, the community having its own police in the shape of a body of stout Albanian guards. The administration is carried on by a council of Representatives presided over by one of their number, who is termed "Proteros," or "the first man of Athos." This office is held by each of the members of the Council in succession for a period of three months. The months follow the rule of Basilius. No woman is allowed on any pretense whatever to set foot in the district. The prohibition extends even to female creatures of every kind, so that not a hen, cow, she-goat, or any other animal capable of giving birth to its kind is to be found at Mount Athos. There is but one village, where a fluctuating body of seculars reside, who assist the monks in their agricultural and other labors. It is the only place in the world resembling a town in which no marriage or birth takes place.

Suppressing a Bore.

A few nights ago a party of six men sat at a corner table of an up-town restaurant, taking supper with a seventh man, who had been rendered somewhat conspicuous among men about town by his sudden resolve to renounce his former easy-going and luxurious style of life for the purpose of marrying a young woman who lived in Brooklyn. The dinner was about half over when a man drifted in through the lower door of the cafe and made his way with a flamboyant smile toward the supper party. Hs walked daintily, carried his cane under his arm and a cigarette in his left hand. He was dressed in a light business suit, and might be anywhere from thirty to seventy years of age. He had a gray mustache, patchy whiskers, and wore his hair full over he ears and bald at the top.

"This gentleman," said the host, waving his hand toward the new comer, "is the most stupendous bore in New York. In the course of fifteen years I have found it impossible to sit down at a meal in a cafe or in a decent up-town bar without being bored by this cheerful imbecile. Of course you all know him. He will ring in on us now."

He did.

The stranger bowed with great affability to every body including, the waiter, continued to smile effusively, dragged up a chair witout invitation, and wedged himself in between the host and a tall young man with a gigantic mustache who had just come from Keokuk, and newer before met the "Commodore," as the bore was called. The stranger immediately pretended to be deaf, and smiled vacantly hut pleasantly upon the commodore. That worthy toyed with his mustache for a moment, and then began to talk to him. The Keokukian insisted upon a repetition of every word until he had the commodore upon his feet bawling into his ear. Still the western man smiled vacantly, and suddenly, conceiving that he had been insulted, gravely filled a champagne glass full of vinegar and insisted upon the comodore drinking it. There was a great deal of simulated excitemeut, but in the end, in order, as he said, to avoid a row in the restaurant, the commodore succumbed, and drank the glass to the bitter dregs. then he put his hand into his vest pocket to get a match and brought out a pat of butter which one of the party had placed there during the excitement. Another member of the group had poured half the contents of the cruet of cayenne pepper into the pocket of the unfortunate commodore during the struggle, and when he pulled out his handkerchief he sneezed seven times. He lighted his cigarette, however, said boys would be boys, and then laid his cigarette on the edge of the table while he rescued his hat from the hands of a small man who had been regarding it curiously, The host carefully and thoughtfully turned the commodores cigarette around, so that when he picked it up again he naturally put the lighted end in his mouth,

By this time he had grown a bit flustered, but he still smiled and said he enjoyed good company as well as any body if he could have an occasional drink. A glass of champagne was handed to him, and he raised it to his lips. Before he could drink, however, one of the men clutched his arm and begged him to wait until he had told a story. Six times the commodore raised the glass to his lips and six times he was obliged to put it down, until finally an other glass was substituted without his knowledge, which contained some tobacco and castor oil, with a dash of sweet oil on top to give it a flavor. Here an eloquent member of the party rose to his feet and commanded everybody to rise and drink the healh of the host to a bumper.

This was the first chance the commodore had had, and he jumped up and tossed off the contents of his glass at a gulp. The effect was extraordinary. His eyes closed and opened with the rapidity and precision of a trip hammer running at extraordmary speed, his jaw dropped, and he gave a yell that would have done credit to a drunken Sioux. Then he put on his hat, which did not fit well in consequence of four pats of butter which the small man had put under the lining, said, "Gentlemen I have had a very large time," dashed through the door, and ran up Broadway with an exhibition of speed which caused the yellow cab drivers to turn around in their seats and look after him in solemn admiration.

A Wallaby Hunt in New Guinea.

Recently it was given out that a large tract of country about six miles from here was to be hunted. About 7 o'clock the natives began to move, the men with nets first. These are coarse-meshed, strong nets, about four feet deep, of various lengths. Far away to the leeward of the grass to be burned these nets are stood up with short stakes, each man's net joined to his neighbor's. The grass is pulled up in front of the nets to prevent their catching fire. The owners of the nets stand by with spears in silence and awaiting their prey. It is the fashion for all the young men to wear their headdresses and finery to the hunt. They shave the hair, too, off their temples, every hair from their eyebrows, and any others about their face. All carry several spears, roughly made from a hard white wood. The points are sharpened and everyone has a boar's tusk or piece of glass bottle to scrape them as often as they require it. Little boys 3 and 4 years old, with their ornaments on, faces painted and spears on their shoulders, march along with the crowd. Young girls go, too, to carry water for the men. It being a grand hunt, we foreigners joined the company on horseback. The natives always walk in single file, and the hunting procession was a very long one. The meeting was at a creek half way to the Laroge River. This was the rendezvous, where all rested and waited for a strong, steady wind. The nets had gone on and were in position. The grass was set fire to in many places and was soon crackling, hissing and blazing away before the wind. The air was full of sparks, and a dense cloud of smoke rose above. The natives shouted, the dogs yelped, and the poor, dazed wallabies rushed here and there, some escaping spears and dogs, but most falling. It requires a good deal of practice to spear a wallaby going full speed. Sometimes one would rush past with two or three spears hanging from him and a bevy of dogs after him. There was a good deal of slaughter and some scores of wallaby were carried in. One man was badly gored by a wild boar. It is only very plucky men who will face these. They carry a circle of stout cane, in which is lashed some strong cord, so as to form several large meshes. This is held so that the pig rushes in and gets muzzled by it; then a man throws himself on the pig and grips him tight until he is dispatched, when they have tusks the hunter often gets very ugly wounds.

A Florida Cave.

A mysterious cave has lately been discovered about nine miles from Gainesville, Fla. The entrance is small, but the cave soon becomes quite large, and extends, by gradual incline, for about one hundred feet to a ledge of rock. Here there is a steep descent of about sixty feet, which has to be effected by means of a rope, to a large, rocky hall, through which a stream of deep, cold water runs. Other small caves radiate from this great recess, and one to the left, which is of large size, has its walls almost entirely covered with names cut in the solid stone, some of them dating back fifty years. Several years ago two men were seen to enter the cavern, and as they never came out, it is supposed that they fell off the precipice and were swept away by the running stream, the bed of which is a dangerous quicksand.

Family Genealogies.

The study of family ancestry and genealogy is one at once fascinating and full of interest. It is engaged in more to-day than in times previous. The oldest book on an American family is not yet a hundred years old, and this book was without a rival for many years. Within a score of years have been published very many genealogies of the early New England families. These can be made very large books, but as the sale of the books is limited almost to the family name, the price is obliged to be much higher than ordidary books. But still the pleasure of pursuing the investigations for private gratification is very great.

This study can be pursued by any one having any taste for such things. A blank book can be obtained, in which to transcribe the records of the family, of connections near and far. This record should embrace the name in full, giving date of birth, marriage and death, where born, married and died, with as many particulars as possible of trade, profession, schooling, church connection, labors of public benefit, and various matters of seeming slight interest. but which will be of great worth to those who live after. How many there are who are unable to tell and give any satisfactory information concerning their grandfathers and grandmothers saying nothing of their ancestors more remote. The children of to-day from strictly American families are of the ninth or tenth generation from the first who came in the early ages of colonial history. If a person can trace his ancestry on paternal and maternal sides back four generations, and this is especially so of the New England families, the probabilities are that they are descended from these who came to America previous to 1642. Bancroft, Savage and Hildreth unite in saying that at the outbreak of the Revolution there was no purer blood known than was possessed by the American families. During the one hundred and fifty years previous there was more emigration than immigration. Hence, knowing one's ancestry to the outbreak of the Revolution, with little pains and expense even the youth of our homes may engage themselves in the pleasurable task of tracing their line of descent.

November Meteors.

The earth as she swings her ponderous bulk in her orbit, rencounters about the 13th the November meteor zone. This gigantic hoop or eclipse consists of a swarm of particles following Temple's comet in the orbit. This unfortunate visitor from the star depths on arriving within the solar domain unwarily ventured too near the planet Uranus. The plannet captured the comet, and forced it henceforth to revolve within the boundaries of the solar system, the event occurring probably in the second century of the Christian era. The perihelion of the comet's orbit rests on the earth's orbit where she passes on the 13th of November, and its aphelion extends beyond the orbit of Uranus. A process of disintegration is going on, and the debris of the comet and the swarm of meteors are gradually scattering through the whole zone, only one-tenth of which is now filled densely with the meteor swarms. The period of revolution is about thirty-three years, and a grand display occurs only at three intervals when the earth passes a portion of the zone. The last memorable display was in 1866-7; the next is expected in 1899 Observers on the nights of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th will be sure to see a few meteors radiating from the constellation Leo, and there is always a possibility that an unexpected number of fallen stars may make the heaven resplendent with their fiery trains.

The First Bank.

It is one of the most remarkable of phenomena that the first bank ever established won a success unequaled in later times. The bank of Venice had its origin in 1171 from a forced public loan, raised to fit out a fleet, and is the first appearance of a public funded debt. Every citizen was obliged to contribute the one-hundredth part of his possessions. The persons assessed were then organized as a Chamber of loans for their common protection and for the receipt of the yearly interest of 4 per centum. Subsequently its creditors were permitted to transfer their claims in whole or in part. The government, finding that these transfers were in demand, reduced the rates of interest until no interest was paid. Afterward it sold cash inscriptions of credit on its books. These inscriptions cost gold, but were not convertible into gold. As a matter of fact, although termed a bank, its issue were Government paper, and its business was carried on solely for the benefit of the public treasury. This bank is still one of the foremost financial institutions in the world. For two hundred years the Bank of Venice stood alone.

The development of the lumber-manufacturing business in many parts of the south is remarkable. From Southern Kentucky to Chattanooga, Tenn., is an extended and vast line of saw-mills and stave, spoke and handle factories. Large numbers of people are crowding into this region, of which the town of Dayton, Tenn., is the business center.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 26, 1884.

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BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte,* 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Solve the great puzzle at the Bee Hive.

Velvets and fur—Garmans.

——Mr. Jonas Fry, of Lewisburg, is turning his burr mill into a roller mill.

——We had a heavy rain Sunday afternoon, which was a fine thing for many empty cisterns.

——A thin coat of ice formed on Penns creek above Coburn on Friday night.

——Monday was raw and stormy.

Stamping at low rates—Garmans. 3

——The railroad company will use a telephone between Oak Hall and Spring Mills for the present.

——The farm of Dr. S. Van Valzah, a short distance above Centre Hall, was purchased last week by Wm. Heckman, of Gregg.

——Mrs. Mingle, mother of S. Q., David and Abs. Mingle, is very ill at the home of Abs. Mingle at Aaronsburg, and not expected to recover. She is quite an aged lady.

——Yony Deininger thinks of putting up a plaining mill near the railroad station instead of buggy shops, as either he, we or some one had lied.

——Sausages are getting ripe and the clatter of the chopper machine is heard in the land preceded by the musical squeal of the porker.

——Get your rubbers and other shoes at Mingle's, Bellefonte, where you find the best stock and finest assortment.

——Mr. Wm. Rearick, an old and well known citizen of Millheim, died last Thursday, and was interred Sunday following. He was nearly 86 years of age. He always bore the character of a good citizen and an upright man, and was a consistent member of the Lutheran church, and an unswerving Democrat.

——We think the Spring Millers and railroad company must have compromised on change of name to Rising Springs. We observe that when the train gets to the station the conductor calls "Rising Spring"—"Spring Mills."

——There is prospect for lots of work for mechanics at Centre Hall from this on thro' the coming summer. Considerable building being in contemplation.

——There will be a Union Thanksgiving service in the Evangelical church, Thursday morning, 27, at 10 o'clock, in which ministers of the different congregations will take part, and to which the people generally are invited.

——As the terminus of our railroad is to be Bellefonte, it is a misnomer to call it the Lewisburg and Tyrone, the Lewisburg and Bellefonte (L. & B.) would be the right name.

——Frank E. Bible succeeds Mr. Shugert in the *Centre Democrat.* Frank is young and full of fire, and we think will prove a good hand in his new venture. At all events, here is wishing him success.

——Young Logan was dismissed from West Point last week because his pants did not fit. He did not obey his father, who had ordered him to get a suit of Lewins & Co., the cheapest ready-made clothing merchants in America, and where a good fit would be sure. This is as bad a case as that of the fellow whose girl gave him the mitten because he did not buy his clothes at the Philadelphia Branch.

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Have you seen the 75c and $1 horse blankets at the Bee Hive?

If you want to save money on bed blankets and haps, go to the Bee Hive.

——The great count is over and the decision is that Cleveland gets his inauguration suit at the Philad. Branch, for $37 which is just his majority over Blaine. It has also been agreed that all the electors get their suits at the Philad. Branch and attend the inauguration in them.

All handkerchiefs bought of us during December will be stamped free of charge —Garmans. 3

——Sheriff Dunkle has a horse that knows how to keep the road: On last Tuesday night as deputy Dunkle was at Linden Hall on business, his horse, hitched in a buggy, got loose and started homeward, a distance of ten miles. Coming towards Centre Hall, the horse turned at the Orebank and took the mountain road. This road across from Gregg is steep, narrow and difficult, with many bends and other roads leading into it. But the driverless horse with his buggy got over it safely and struck the main pike to Bellefonte, and turned up at the jail with nothing broken. The night was very dark. The deputy and Mr. John L Runkle footed it from Linden Hall to this place, and could hear the horse and buggy ahead of them, and at one time were so close that Runkle was in the act of mounting the buggy, when the horse took to running, meaning to say he could find his way without a driver.

——Now is the time to lay in your groceries for the winter. Sechlers have just opened a fresh supply of the freshest and best. Oysters, big as a hand, always fresh. Coffees, teas, sugars, syrups, cheese, canned and dried fruits, from the best establishments, cured meats, pure spices, crackers, fine confectioneries, fresh beef, pork and sausages—in fact anything you can think of that is good.

A Pure and Reliable Medicine.—A compound fluid extract of roots, leaves, barks and berries is Burdock Blood Bitters. They cure all diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys.

——While on the cars the other day, going thro' the valley, we came into conversation with a stranger, who was on a pleasure trip and gave us his route thro' this section. He said he came down by White Hall and Pine Hall, and took the cars at Oak Hall, soon passed through Linden Hall, and had a short stop at Centre Hall, and next sped through Cavern Hall, and had a short stop at Rising Spring Hall, and expected to leave the cars at Coburn Hall, and would thence go via Nittany Hall and Coverly Hall to Mill Hall for the P. & E. road, and that was hall of his trip. We told the stranger he was having halltogether too much Hall and that some of the places had not yet got big enough for a Hall. He said he thought all the places had Halls in this section and there's where he was mistaken and apologized.

——Mingle's boot and shoe store still keeps the lead for bargains, and best goods; other dealers will admit this, and the people all assert it.

——On Saturday morning, 15th, the grist mill at Stormstown, Centre county owned by Mr. Ebbs, was, together with its contents, burned to the ground. The gentleman whose name we failed to learn and who was running the mill loses heavily, having had large quantities of wheat, corn, rye and oats stored therein. The cause of the fire is unknown.

——Benjamin Clymer, one of Hartleton's oldest citizens fell from his chair, Sunday afternoon, 16th, and died instantly. He had been suffering with phthisic for a number of years which is supposed was the cause of his death.

——Mrs. Mary J. H. Gilliland, wife of Col. Jas. Gilliland, near Linden, Montgomery county, Md., departed this life on Nov. 9. She was one of God's suffering ones for nearly 25 years. Still her faith in Christ her Saviour never faltered.

——For chenille, fringe, black coney and all other trimmings for fine dresses, ladies need not go to Bellefonte, as Wolfs have them and at reasonable prices.

——Esq. Thompson advertises the Lefarms at public sale. See another col.

——Em. Smith, Potters Mills' live merchant, gave us a call.

——Men and boys will do well to buy their clothing at Wolfs for they have a big lot of it and are selling at cost and for less.

——Snow covered the ground on Wednesday morning with signs for more.

——Court began on Monday. There was no business of importance.

——John Hicks died recently at Scotia. His funeral took place on the 11th On 13th his aunt, Mrs. Betsey Hardes died from the effects of injuries received by a fall, and on same day his mother Mrs. Abram Hicks, breathed her last. The two bodies were laid to rest in one grave.

——The new railroad from Jersey Shore to the Clearfield coal regions, was opened to Philipsburg, this county, last week, a distance of seventy miles.

In Holland, Michigan, C. J. Doesbury publishes the News, and in its columns strongly recommends Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for coughs, colds, sore throat, catarrh and asthma.

Plush, felt, cotton and wool canvas; burlaps, arasene, chenille, filling, embroidery, knitting silk, plush balls, etc. —Garmans. 3

——We have had quite cold weather this week, such as would do credit to January. The ground is frozen two inches in depth.

——Jas. C. Boal, Esq., since the election of Cleveland, has moved his office to pleasanter quarters, and now has a good front room in the bank building. This looks encouraging.

— Pomona Grange of Centre county will meet at Centre Hall, Thursday, Dec. 4, at 10 a. m.; full attendance is requested as officers for the ensuing year will be elected. The fifth degree will be conferred in the evening. Subordinate granges should send a full delegation. By order of the Sec'y,

JAS. C. GILLILAND.

$500 REWARD.—The undersigned offers a reward of $500 to any one who will bring evidence within a reasonable time to convict any party or parties that set fire to the mill of the undersigned, or that the books of the undersigned were not burned and were seen in the hands of any one after the fire.

26nov1m SIMON RUBLE.

Dr. Sawbones says the surest way to take a cold is to be always hugging a stove. Young man, remember this, and when you go to see your girl on Sunday night don't spend your time hugging the stove; but if you do get a cold Dr. Keesler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine can be relied upon to cure you. 2

Did it ever occur to you, prudent and thoughtful reader, that Dr. Keesler's Celebrated English Cough Medicine must be an article of real merit, or how could the manufacturer ever be able to advertise "money refunded to dissatisfied purchasers." For sale at Murray's.

JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia Agents

12no2

Linens for wedding presents—Garmans.

——Parties on the new line of our railroad in ordering goods should have them marked Centre Hall, Linden Hall or Oak Hall as the case may be and instruct the shippers to pre-pay the freight. We are informed by the P. R. R. that if our people follow the above suggestion they will save themselves the annoyance, delay and additional expense of having their goods forwarded from Spring Mills. All who are interested should carefully note and remember this.

——John Horner and son, with Messrs. Shreckengast and Lucas, spent two weeks hunting in the Green woods, of Clearfield, and left the ground with ten deer killed. Pretty good luck.

C. E. Aurand, Spring Mills' late druggist, has located at Downs, Kansas.

——Fresh arrival of blankets and shawls at Wolfs, both fancy and mourning. Don't fail to see them.

——On Sunday, 30, 10 a. m. Rev. D. M. Wolf will preach in the Reformed church, Centre Hall. In the evening of same day an anniversary of the Miss'ry Aid Society will be celebrated, and an address by Rev. Wolf will be an interesting feature. All are invited.

——A meeting of the joint consistory of the Centre Hall Ref. charge will be held at the Union church, Dec. 2, at one o'clock. Members of the different congregations should attend.

——There are several diptheria cases in Bellefonte. A little son of Judge Furst died of that disease on Monday.

——All kinds of rubber goods at Wolfs.

——Our black silks at $1.50, $1.75, $2 and $2 25 are guaranteed not to crack or wear shiny—Bee Hive.

Plaids and dress goods—Garmans.

Flannels at a sacrifice—Garmans.

——The best and largest stock of fur caps, at the lowest prices, at the Bee Hive.

NOTICE.—The undersigned will be at the following places to receive school-tax: Nov. 25 at Tusseyville,

" 26 at Potters Mills,

" 28 at Centre Hall,

" 29 at Centre Hill.

A. F. HOSTERMAN, Treasurer.

Buckles and buttons—Garmans.

Skating shirts—Garmans.

Lace and Turkman curtains—Garmans.

If you want a good Truss go to the Centre Hall drug store.

Misses' and children's coats, 2 to 16 years, from $1½ up at the Bee Hive.

Scientific.

Kircher originated the germ theory of infectious disease 200 years ago, and not Pasteur, as it is supposed, in modern days.

When in the formation of coal all the other circumstances were alike, M. A. Carnot is of the belief that different species of plants gave rise to coal of very different properties.

An invitation to hold its next meeting at Vienna has been accepted by the International Congress of Hygiene, which has concluded its fifth session, held this year at The Hague, most successfully.

Water filtered through porous unglazed porcelain is absolutely free from microbia. With a single such vessel, 0.20 metre long by 0.25 metre in diameter, Mr. C. Chamberland obtained about 20 litres a day of physiologically pure water.

Experiments by G. Gore, LL. D., prove that carbon, boron, and silicon may be separated from their melted compounds by elecrolysis; but, although carbon was slowly deposited in several cases, in no instances was it obtained from an aqueous solution or in a crystaline state.

In the Province of Viatka, Russia, there are produced annually 72,000,000 pounds of tar, 5,400,000 pounds of pitch, and 2,160,000 pounds of turpentine oil. It is stated that the annual product of birch oil amounts to 144,000,000 pounds, (4,000,000 poods,) an indication that the demand for it is now great.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	$ 80
White & Mixed	77
Rye	55
Corn, shelled, and ears old	70
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	50
Cloverseed	5 50
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	6 50

Butter, 25; tallow, 6; lard, 10; ham, 16; shoulde 10; bacon or side, 12; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 2.75; Chestnut, 4.5; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24, 1884.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn		33½	—47
Wheat	"	74½	—79
Oats	"	25½	— 33½
Pork	"	——	
Lard	"	6.77½	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
21 South Third Street.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 40c; butter, 20 to 25c; young chickens, per pair, 40; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 20c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 12; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, 50; old chickens, per pair, 50c; celery, per stock, 3c.

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against hunting or shooting any kind of game on my premises.

12oct3t SAM'L SLACK, Potters Mills, Pa.

BOB-SLEDS, on hand and for sale cheaper than elsewhere, made of best material, same also made to order on short notice, at the shops of J. B. Ream & Son, Farmers Mills, 22oct2m

HOW TO GET WELL.—How to keep well and be strong and vigorous are questions of vital importance. This is answered and convincing proofs furnished in an illustrated pamphlet concerning the Howard Galvanic Shield, which gives soothing, strengthening currents of Electricity and Magnetism. It can be worn by any one, night or day, at work or rest, and overcomes weakness or disease without drugging the stomach. Pamphlet sent free unsealed. Sealed 4 cents postage. Address AMERICAN GALVANIC CO., No. 1107 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. 24apr6m

For the REPORTER.

OBITUARY.

Mr. John Kryder, of Rock Run, ten miles northeast of Freeport, Ill., died on Tuesday morning, Nov. 4, aged 87 years, 9 months, 18 days. He was afflicted with nothing particular but old age. Mr. Kryder came to Illinois in 1847, from Clinton county, Pa., but was born in Haines twp., Centre county, Pa. His wife died about 21 years ago, in Freeport. Five sons and one daughter are still living, as follows: Wm. Kryder, with whom deceased lived, at Rock Run; David Kryder, Dakota village; Jacob Kryder, Lancaster twp.; Mrs. M. S. Sapp, Dakota twp.; A. J. Kryder and J. J. Kryder, Spring Grove, Green Co., Wis. The funeral was held Thursday, in Luth. & Ref. church at Dakota village; services were conducted by Rev. Frank Wetzel, and the remains were interred in the cemetery near the Lancaster school house, by the side of the grave of Mrs. Kryder. The late John Kryder was one of Stephenson county's pioneers, and was the father of eight children, 31 grandchildren and 16 great-grandchildren. [Millheim Journal please copy.]

J. G. E.

Headquarters for embroidery material —Garmans. 3

LOCK HAVEN'S LARGEST SAW MILL IN ASHES.

Lock Haven has suffered another loss in the destruction on Friday morning, 21, of its largest saw mill, situated in the western limits of the city, on the bank of the Bald Eagle creek. The alarm was sounded at 3 o'clock in the morning and it was soon learned that Kramer, Mann & Co's large saw mill was on fire. The department responded promptly, but before the scene was reached the destructive elements had already made considerable headway, the mill being totally enveloped and the lumber yard on fire. All efforts were directed towards saving Hayes, Packer & Co's flooring mill, situated close by. In this they were successful, but in the meantime the county bridge across Bald Eagle creek took fire and was entirely consumed, as were also half a dozen houses, Kyler's large barn and a cooper shop, besides smaller buildings.

10,000,000 FEET OF LUMBER.

A close estimate places the amount of lumber destroyed at 10,000,000 feet. The mill is a total wreck. The county bridge was quite a large one, and, while not new, was still in good condition.

The loss on the mill can not be accurately determined as this time as it is still burning, but is under control; but will reach at least $200,000 against which there is an insurance of $140,000 distributed among a hundred or more comp'a's It was the largest and most successful mill in the place, employed the largest number of men when in operation. To make this worse it is definitely established to be of incendiary origin. The mill had shut down for the season. It is not known whether it will be rebuilt or not.

The Lock Haven *Express* says: The fire was undoubtedly the work of an incendiary, and the flames broke out in half a dozen places in the mill and yard at one time. The fire swept over the whole of the yards, and not a board left of the 12 million feet piled in them. The loss falls principally on Kreamer, Mann & Co. Glosser & Co., of this city, owned one million feet of the white pine, and Ross & Furst 200,000 feet of white pine. The balance was owned by Kreamer, Mann & Co., one-third of the stock being yellow pine. The total loss on saw mill and lumber is estimated at $200,000. Kreamer, Mann & Co, have plenty of lumber at Williamsport and will be able to fill all orders.

The insurance is as follows: Kreamer, Mann & Co. on lumber, $79,000; on mill $19,500; on trestle and railroad $2,500; Glosser & Co. and Ross & Furst only partly insured.

The mill was built in 1869 by Parsons & Sons, but has had additions built to it by its present owners, they having expended $10,000 on it last summer. The county bridge was built in 1860 at a cost of $3,000; no insurance.

The stables and office building of Hayes & Co, situated near the mill, were burned. Had the direction of the wind not changed, the town of Flemington would have been wiped out of existence.

—For fine or coarse shoes the stock at Wolfs is unsurpassed in the valley, and every pair warranted.

LOST.—A 1½ year old bull, with white under the belly has been missing since June. The finder will be suitably rewarded by reporting to undersigned. JOHN GUISER, Hublersburg. 3t

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat-market having a refrigerator facilities can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER

MARRIED.

On Nov. 5, at Centre Hall, by Rev. W. E. Fisher, Jacob Kamp, of Lock Haven, and Sallie R. Lee, of Potters Mills.

Sep. 18, by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. Harvey Bowersox and Miss Sarah Digbelbis, both of Ferguson twp.

Sept. 25, by same, Mr. Austin Dale, of Oak Hall, and Miss Rachel Meyer, of Linden Hall.

Nov. 20, by same, Mr. Alonzo Rupp and Miss Annie E. Carper, both of Linden Hall.

On Sept. 25, by same, Mr. Austin Dale, of Oak Hall, and Miss Rachel Meyer, of Linden Hall.

On Nov. 13, Mr. Samuel J. Musser, of Pine Grove Mills, to Miss Alice Johnson, of Boalsburg.

On Nov. 6, Mr. Howard E. Holtzworth and Miss Margaret E. Blair, both of Unionville.

On Oct. 21, H. Krider Mattern and Miss Mina B. Clark, both of Buffalo Run.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE AT PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale on the premises, in Potter township, on SATURDAY, DEC. 13, 1884, the following valuable property of the late Robt Lee:

All that certain plantation and tract of land situated in Potter twp., 2 miles west of Potters Mills and 2½ miles from Centre Hall railroad station, on Lewisburg & Tyrone R. R., bounded on the north by lands of Geo. Reiber, on the east by lands of Wm. Boal, on south by Wm. Boal and J. Y. Glassgo, and on the west by lands of R. Lee Jas. Glassgo and others, containing 119 acres and 114 perches, thereon erected a good 2-story frame dwelling house, good, large bank barn, and all needed outbuildings, with good orchard, an excellent well and running water.

ALSO, at the same time and place, all that certain tract now occupied by Jacob Lee, bounded as follows: On the north by John Mersinger, east by Robt Lee, south by R. Lee and Jas. Glassgo, west by J. Allison and D. Horner, containing 71 acres and 75 perches, net. Thereon a weather boarded, 2-story log house, and a new bank barn, and all necessary outbuildings.

ALSO a tract of timber land, belonging to the last named, containing 11 acres and 153 perches, bounded by lands of Wm. Colyer, R. Lee's estate, and by mountain and David Young.

Terms—⅓ cash on confirmation of sale; balance in two annual payments, secured by bond and mortgage on the premises.

WM. J. THOMPSON, Atty'r of Robt Lee, Potters Mills.

BYRON'S CONTEMPT OF DEATH.

Notwithstanding Byron's assumed contempt of death, nothing could exceed his abject terror when laboring under even the slightest illness.

He was dining at Pisa, with Hunt, Trelawney, and Shelley, one day, when he was suddenly seized with a violent attack of colic. He hastily arose from the table, threw himself upon the sofa, and began to say, "Oh, my God! I am dying!—I am dying!"

Trelawney, who was a very peculiar man, went up the terrified bard, and said, "Come, come, Byron; if you are dying you need not make such a confounded fuss about it!"

The tone in which this was said was so irresistible that the sick man could not help joining in the laughter with Trelawney's nonchalance caused.

Byron, who really at heart was a very kind man, and whose nature rose at every oppression, was very fond of making himself out a very bad one, and when he had indulged himself with a little more gin and water than usual, he would frequently grow almost maudlin over his imaginary wickedness. One night he was particulary dismal over his own iniquities, and expressed great repentance. He was very much put out by Mrs. Hunt saying in a tone of affected consolation, "Come, my lord, you are not half so wicked as you flatter yourself you are." He gave his publisher, John Murray, as a birthday present, a Bible very nicely bound. On the outside, stamped in golden letters, was the inscription, "From Lord Byron, to his friend, John Murray." This was ostentatiously displayed on the centre table of the great publisher's drawing-room, and Murray was very proud of the gift. At a large party at his house, one evening, a friend was turning over the leaves of the magnificent Bible, when he suddenly cried, "Why, Murray, come here! Byron has been altering the Bible!" Saying which, he pointed out to the astonished and indignant publisher that Byron had altered a verse by drawing his pen through the word "robber" and substituting another word, so that the verse ran thus: "Now Barabbas was a publisher." After that unlucky discovery the book disappeared.

SWINDLING BY POST-CARD.

Post-cards are open to the objection that what is written upon them can be read by the inquisitive-minded person for whom they are not intended, but into whose hands they may chance to fall before reaching the individual they are addressed to. The French *concierge*, however, who was known to have the had habit of reading the post-cards sent to the lodgers in the house before delivering them to their respective owners, has just been the victim of his own curiosity. A short time ago one came for a male lodger, and by it the indiscreet porter learned that the former had just inherited a very comfortable fortune, through the death of a relative in the country, and he was advised by the writer to come at once to see after his property. The *concierge* was amazed, being acquainted with the intelligence conveyed by the post-card, to find that the recipient of it remained where he was, and appeared rather depressed in spirit. By dint of cautious questions, he brought the young man to confess, with apparent reluctance, that he had been left a fortune, but that, being without funds or friends in Paris, he was unable to undertake the long journey, as he was recommended to do. The *concierge*, little dreaming that he had to deal with rogues and sharpers, offered to advance what was necessary. The offer was cordially accepted; all his savings, amounting to seven hundred francs, were placed at the disposal of the lodger, who disappeared, and neither he nor his "fortune" has since been heard of by the disconsolate doorkeeper,

PHENOMENA AT THE EQUATOR.

Twilight phenomena of a similar character to the appearances lately so prevalent were according to letters just received, observed in the Island of Mauritius. This is especially remarkable as in that island, as a rule, follows the day without any noticeable transition. On several evenings of October, however, there was a splendid glow in the west quite half an hour after sunset, and when night had fairly set in this glow soon extended over the whole sky, being reflected on the clouds and covering the island with a purple tint. The sea is described as apparently on fire, the vessels and their masts looking black and standing out in bold relief. The same phenomenon was observed before sunrise.

ROUND THE WORLD IN A DAY.

A reel of cotton thread, in its ordinary every day use, is a pretty bit of insignificance, but when traced to its source is seen to have belongings and surroundings which entitle it to be ranked with the leading features of our industrial life. The simple statement that the thread works of Messrs. Clark (of Pataley, England), employ between three and four thousand workpeople, that their group of five immense mills contains over 230,000 spindles, and that these factories turn out every day sufficient length of thread to go four times round the world, will be enough to show that, unimportant as the bobbin of thread may be, taken singly, it is, before its dispersion, a member of a multitudinous aggregate, the extent of which is bewildering to compute.

Stamping at half regular rates—Garmans. 3

Holiday goods—Garmans. 3

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle. Trade Mark.

PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

—THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely **Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.**

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the **Kidneys and Liver.**

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to **Women,** and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob McCool, of Gregg township, Centre county, Pa., on the 3d day of November, A. D., 1884, made an assignment for the benefit of creditors to the undersigned, which said assignment has been duly recorded. All persons knowing themselves indebted to said Jacob McCool will please arrange the same promptly, and those having claims will please present the same duly authenticated for settlement. JNO. GROVE,

Nov. 17, 84. 3t Assignee.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

ESTABLISHED 1845.

The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, discoveries, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. This publication, furnishes a most valuable encyclopedia of information which no person should be without. The popularity of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN is such that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class combined. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to Clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 261 Broadway, N. Y.

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Information as to obtaining patents cheerfully given without charge. Hand-books of information sent free. Patents obtained through Munn & Co. are noticed in the Scientific American free. The advantage of such notice is well understood by all persons who wish to dispose of their patents.

Address MUNN & CO., Office SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 261 Broadway, New York.

COURT PROCLAMATION

Whereas, the Hon. Adam Hoy, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Jas R. Smith and the Hon. Chester Munson Assoc. Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date 28th day of Oct., 1884, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the Fourth Monday of Nov'l next, being the 24th day of Nov 1884, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 26th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord 1884, and the one hundred and seventh year of the Independence of the United States. T. J. DUNKLE Sheriff

CAUTION.—Having purchased the following articles at constable's sale, all persons are cautioned against meddling with the same, as they will be left in the possession of Charles Madira, at my pleasure, viz: One cow, 1 calf, 4 hogs, 2 beds and bedding, tabels, corner cupboard, ½ dozen chairs, lot of carpet, washstand, queensware, clock, cooking stove, and doughtrey.

J. D. LONG.

5nov3t Spring Mills.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER OF THE WORLD.

Catarrh has become so prevalent that scarcely a family is exempt, and it is truly the bane of the American race. So many preparations are in the market that do not cure, that a *Positive, Sure,* and

NEVER-FAILING CURE

will be welcomed by all. KELLER'S Catarrh Remedy and Blood Purifier has NEVER failed in a single case where directions are followed. It strikes at the root of the disease, and eliminates the poison from the blood. Its success has been wonderful and sales immense. All that is asked for it is a trial. The most obstinate and long-standing cases yield readily to this remedy. *It is perfectly harmless.* Price $1 a bottle, 6 bottles for $5. Upon receipt of $5 by Sam'l F. Keller & Co., Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent by express, prepaid. Take no other. It is the only preparation that reaches the seat of the disease and Cures. Send for circular (or ask your druggist for one) concerning Cause, Nature, Symptoms and Cure of Catarrh. It contains testimonials of astonishing and genuine cures. It is also the Best Blood Purifier in the market. For sale by Druggists generally. Wholesale by SAM'L F. KELLER & Co., Harrisburg, Pa.; also by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., and SMITH, KLINE & CO., Philad'a, Pa.

ESTRAY.—Came to the premises of the undersigned, on or about Sept. 15, a dark brown heifer, about 9 months old, with a star on forehead, and part of tail white. The owner is requested to prove property, pay costs and remove the same.

10oct3t WM. A. BOAL, Potter Township.

FARM AT PRIVATE SALE.—The undersigned offers his valuable FARM OF 40 ACRES for sale. Thereon a good house and bank barn and all necessary outbuildings, an orchard of choice fruit, and good, never-failing water at house and barn. Also 14 Acres of timber land about 1½ miles from above. His property lies about one mile south of Tusseyville, and is a very desirable home. J. W. MERSINGER.

27augtm Tusseyville, Pa.

The Grandest Popular Work Ever Published. Many Years in Preparation. At Last Completed.

SCAMMELL'S UNIVERSAL

Treasure-House

OF

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